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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

## LITERATURE.

*The Life of Lord Lawrence.* By R. Bosworth Smith. In 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

(First Notice.)

LAST year Lord Lytton made an excellent speech in which he said that he had heard the remark that perhaps the chief value of the Indian empire of Britain was that it afforded confirmation of the value of competitive examinations as a standard of capacity. Now this, he added, in his pointed and original manner, seemed to him true, but only on one condition.

"The great competitive examination of which India is the theatre was not established by recent Act of Parliament. The subjects of it are not mainly literary or scientific. . . . Nor is it only persons just entering on life who are examined by it. This great examination has now lasted for about 120 years. It has occupied the whole working life of many generations of men, as bold, as hardy, and as honest as ever left these shores to serve their native country. The principal subjects of it are the four cardinal virtues—justice, benevolence, fortitude, temperance. . . . And I, for one, am not ashamed of the place taken in that great examination by the civil and military servants of the Crown in India."

The truth expressed in this novel form was an old one. Whatever latent greatness may be hereafter developed by the new school, it will not be able to do more than emulate the qualities displayed among the nominees of the old East India Company. Like Sir Christopher Wren, they need no monument. *Circumspect*. India—that home of weakness, that prey and victim of strength, that scene of long strife and rapine—is there to testify of them; full, no doubt, of the cares and troubles from which human life is seldom free, but full also of peace and plenty; with a vast population whose habits are alien to the accumulation of wealth, but who possess what wealth could not bestow—contentment.

Foremost among those agents of conquest by whose exertions this state of things has been brought about must always stand the name of John Laird Mair Lawrence. His father, from whom the sons thought they "got their metal," was a brave but rugged and neglected veteran; his mother, a scion of the old Calvinistic house of Knox, a woman frugal, methodical, and enduring. The future Viceroy was born, in poor enough surroundings, at Richmond, in Yorkshire, and educated partly at Londonderry, but chiefly at Clifton, near Bristol, at Wraxall, in Wiltshire, and, latterly, at the East India College of Haileybury, on Hertford Heath.

If not distinguished as a scholar—and,

indeed, his chief defect through life was a want of culture in literature, philosophy, art, and manners—Lawrence left for India with fair distinction and a decent intellectual outfit. It was long afterwards remarked of him by one who knew and observed him with competent appreciation (Col. Malleson) that in his elevation he showed the want of polish which is only to be acquired in youth.

"He forgot men's names and faces, shook hands with the wrong man, and gave a distant bow to him to whom he ought to have been cordial. He did not mix with the crowd at his parties, and generally spent the evening in talking with anyone who had the assurance to address him."

But he had a sound knowledge of history, he was a strong, bold rider, and—unlike Cromwell, to whom he has been compared—he possessed a clear and forcible style of writing. Were administration one of the fine arts, conducted chiefly by bows and smiles and clever conversation, he would never have stood out, as he did from the very first.

Lawrence began his independent career while yet nominally only assistant magistrate. In 1834—less than five years after entering the service—he officiated for nearly three years as chief civil officer ("magistrate and collector") of the district of Panipat. Returning to head-quarters full of varied experience, acquired in a life of adventure where he almost forgot English, he obtained charge of the turbulent city of the Mughals with a subdivision of the Delhi district; and he never had to swim in corks again. His next charge was the district of Etáwa, where his health failed and he had to take a long furlough to Europe. Here he travelled on the Continent, and made up as he could for the somewhat narrow training of his youth. On August 26, 1841, he acquired the greatest gain a man can get—a fond and faithful wife; and on November 14 in the following year he landed at Bombay and made what was then the arduous journey across India to Allahabad. He was sent back to Panipat, where he remained till the end of 1843. Early in the following year he gained the first great step of the service, the substantive collectorship. To those who know India this statement tells its own story. It is almost like the accession of a Sovereign. Indian natives appreciate the concrete and the near. Far away there is, they are aware, the "Lord Sáhib," the Lieutenant-Governor, who, in some mysterious way, may be their master's master. There are also other members of a remote hierarchy, good at need, especially when you can afford the speculative luxury of an appeal. But here, on the spot, is the man whose qualities and conduct affect them in their every-day existence. If the "collector" (who is really the immediate head of all the important branches of local administration, under a somewhat humble title) be supine, the people will be preyed upon by needy, greedy native underlings; if, on the contrary, he is fussy and interfering, they will be worried, hurried, and bewildered, so much being done that it would almost suit them better to have nothing done at all. John Lawrence was not the man to make mischief, but neither was he the man to make a sinecure of any post that he might

hold, of such a post least of all. His life at Delhi was one of unwearied activity. Such was the influence that he acquired, that in this subordinate capacity he presently had the opportunity, for the first (though not for the last) time, of saving the Indian Empire. In the early part of 1846 the army under Gough had exhausted its ammunition, and supplies of all sorts were urgently needed for "the crowning mercy" of Sobraon, without which Lord Hardinge might have found his troops (and himself) swept away by a tide of Sikh invasion in full flood for Hindustan. Having shortly before made the acquaintance of the Collector of Delhi, he knew what to do. The ordnance stores were to be sent, some 250 miles, to Ferozpur without an hour's delay. By personal influence, judicious energy, and prompt payment, John Lawrence did the work; and from that moment his fortune was made.

After the conquest of the Punjab he was put in charge of the Jalandar Duab; and, after the annexation, he became second member of the board by which the new province was to be organised and administered. Readers of Edwardes' *Life of Sir H. Lawrence* know something of the strain which this association put upon the mutual love of John and Henry Lawrence. They will find more of it in Mr. Bosworth Smith's book. Nothing profitable can be said here. The "hard man" (so Sir Henry is said to have characterised his brother) rose to the hard work, the soft man (though the word would ill-express the chivalry of Sir Henry's character) went to more congenial employment. Both made their mark upon the province; both have left an equal light on the page of Indian history. Their warfare is accomplished, and it is not for lesser men to pronounce between them. It must never, however, be forgotten that, if John's practical statesmanship consolidated the Punjab, it was Henry's personal influence that formed many of the best instruments by which the work was carried out.

But even this great achievement was only to be secondary and subordinate. In 1857 John Lawrence—by this time in supreme and solitary charge of the Punjab—found himself comparatively secure, with contented subjects; mutineers disarmed and under surveillance; a staff of unquestioned ability; and a quantity of the best troops in India. He rose to the full height of the situation. When the elegant Anson, the friend of Brummell, the "Major A." of London whist-clubs, got to Ambála, on his way to attack the mutineers in Delhi, he was naturally appalled at the magnitude of the task. He proposed to make an entrenchment, but the civilian understood war better than he. "No, no," said Lawrence on getting the despatch; "clubs are trumps this time, not spades." The rest of the story is known to all the world. At a time when many thought only of themselves and their own immediate spheres of action, Lawrence became truly "imperial." He sent men and munitions down to Delhi till he left himself almost without force; he recruited Punjab soldiers until he himself became almost alarmed at their number. He finally sent his last reserve under the man who—though that man loved him little—was the most valuable

reinforcement of all. Backed up by the engineers (Baird Smith and Aleck Taylor) and by the gallant Neville Chamberlain, Nicholson enforced and led the storm of the rebel city, falling, as we know, on the scene of his great exploit. Delhi yielded; and with it the hopes of the rebellion. Pacification was the next task; and here the great heart of Lawrence showed its tender, humane side, as it had formerly beat with the strongest pulse of combat. The Delhi territory, the scene of his late and early labours, was added to his province, and so his just and most appropriate reward was an increase of duty. But even that powerful frame and brain showed symptoms of distress.

In 1859 Lawrence went "home" once more. Received with due enthusiasm in his native country, he sought for fresh employment. The duties of the Council of India are sometimes depreciated by those who do not understand them. Rather consultative than executive, those duties are still very real. Most of all were they so then, when the business was not less than the creation of a new régime and the restoration of an empire. Many persons still in the full activity of life remember what Lawrence's work was in the hotel where the office was then located, and with what an earnest spirit he devoted his days—generally long days—to its discharge. His home was at Southgate; and the years spent there were probably among the happiest of his life.

The rest may be passed over more quickly. Lawrence's character was formed, as was also his reputation, before he was sent out as Viceroy. And it may be doubted whether that high place added, or could have added, to either. Happily, the times were tranquil, and the duties rather such as to require a vigilant administrator than an accomplished statesman. His foreign policy was cautious and prudent; his private life blameless, if not splendid. He supported with effect the policy of those who consider the rights of the peasantry as a more important factor of Indian political life than the privileges of the landholders. In short, he was such a Viceroy as those who knew him best would have expected—not splendid in any sense, but just and good according to his lights. In 1869 he returned to England in broken health, which was never quite restored. Blindness was gradually added to the other burdens of advancing years; and in 1879—taking an interest in India to the last, and ready to do good in every possible way—he passed softly to his well-earned rest at the comparatively early age of sixty-eight. H. G. KEENE.

*Love in Idleness.* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

It is no secret that this book of verse is written by undergraduates, or bachelors of recent date, for some of the poems have already appeared in an Oxford miscellany. As may be inferred from these facts, the verses are often imitative in form, if not in thought. This fault may be enough to condemn them in some minds, but many readers will find much that is charming in *Love in Idleness*. The lines are full of the pleasant Oxford spirit, not too much in earnest; full

of youth and of the happy sense of occasional indolence in the midst of hard work. The authors don't take themselves very seriously. "None but minstrels like of sonnetting," as they quote "Love's Labour's Lost," and "here is part of their rime and heere their mallicholic." This is such a serene way of regarding their own essays that it disarms any but a very truculent critic. A young man is a bore when he shows you that "the poet's lot is not a happy one," and prosés about his crown of bays. But our authors do not deck themselves with bays; they frankly offer their verses as things that have pleased them to write, and may please others to read. Speaking with equal frankness, the reviewer may say that he has read *Love in Idleness* with a great deal of enjoyment. The verses are extremely well made; the instrument is played on with no little skill; and the players do not mistake their pipes for lyres. Nor do they question the universe much, and they have no vague aspirations and no hysterical love affairs to chronicle.

To myself the most pleasant poem in the volume is "In Scheria." In the first part Nausicaa confesses her love for Odysseus, who has just departed for home.

"Why should I live where everything goes wrong,  
Where hope is dead and only grief lasts long?  
I will have rest among the asphodel;  
For death is stronger though my love is strong.  
"There will I see the women he did see,  
Leda, and Tyro, and Antiope,  
And Ariadne, queens that loved too well  
Of old, and ask them if they loved like me."

The second part is put in the mouth of Cinyras, he who, in Lucian's *Vera Historia*, fled away with Helen. Cinyras continues his voyage and reaches a strange island, where a mountain covers the travellers and the city they enter. This passage is a remarkable effort of romantic fancy, and, to my mind, contains real unborrowed poetry.

"But as we entered, how can mortal tell  
In mortal words the marvel that befell?  
Whether you will believe I hardly care;  
I know I should have disbelieved as well—  
"Suddenly out of nothing seemed to spring  
All round us, clasping us as in a ring,  
Whence risen or how passed through is marvellous,  
A mountain, vast and overshadowing.  
"Sheer-sided it engirt us, towering high  
All round, but open far above, whereby  
Some little light fell down and came to us;  
So that we saw the stars within the sky."

Passing on, they come to a sleeping palace, and a sleeping beauty, whom a stranger among the voyagers kisses. He is Odysseus, Laertes' son, the Ithacan; and Nausicaa wakens, and the mountain rolls away. Then Cinyras recognises Scheria, and the Phaeacian city which Poseidon in his wrath overshadowed with a hill. Odysseus and Nausicaa are left in the country of impossible happiness, where Ivanhoe and Rebecca—where Clive and Ethel are; the true, the unfortunate, the long sundered, the lovers we shall not meet, in the land we shall not see.

The other classical pieces here are good, such as "Daphnis" and "To Comatas," and these "rose-leaves when the rose is dead," the snatches of translations from the Anthology. When everyone who rhymes is rhyming on Greek matters, it is a great pleasure to meet with the verses of true and

delicate scholars. Here is a fragment, perhaps inspired by Meleager:—

"Rose and lily, white and red,  
From my garden garlanded,  
These I brought and thought to grace  
The perfection of thy face.  
"Other roses, pink and pale,  
Lilies of another vale,  
Thou hast bound around thy head  
In the garden of the dead."

"The History of Philip the Deacon" is clever, but not much more; and a humorous piece, "The Lost Tennis Party," has less humour than might be desired. "It made the laughter of an afternoon," but was not worth reprinting. "Tyrus" is very well done, but rather imitative in form. "Santa Cruz" is a most spirited adventurous ballad, but in manner suggests that of Mr. Swinburne. It would be very popular in places where they recite. "Half-way in Love" is much more than half-way to perfection in its own style. Among essays in "forms" the villanelle is good, the pantoum disagreeable, the ballades are not good, and the rondeau is not a rondeau. "Some Flowers" is very neat and witty. The sonnets almost need a separate notice to themselves. They are very good in form, when not too reminiscent of Rossetti; and the pair on "Magdalen Gardens" are excellent in idea. There is also a curiosity—a sonnet in rhyming Latin. The best of the translations—all of them graceful—is the fragment from Aleman. A. LANG.

*Calendar of State Papers.* Domestic Series, 1640-41. Edited by W. D. Hamilton. (Rolls Series.)

MR. HAMILTON, in his present volume, has carried on his work with his usual thoroughness. He had to deal with the last four months of 1640 and the first five months of 1641. That the papers of the four months occupy more than twice as much space as those of the five has naturally roused Mr. Hamilton to discuss in his Preface the causes of this remarkable falling off, which, as he tells us, is only intensified in the years which follow. Among these he suggests the disinclination of the Parliamentary leaders after the Civil War broke out "to commit their confidential papers to the Government custody." No doubt this had something to do with the matter, though it hardly fully represents the position of affairs. The mass of documents which afford us such instruction were deposited in the State Paper Office either because the Secretary of State was required to put them there or because they were seized by the King after the Secretary's death. Pym and Hampden were in no such position towards Parliament or towards the Committee of Safety as Conway and Windebank were to Charles I. Official documents now were the correspondence of committees, of which Mr. Everett Green will, it is to be hoped, give us, some years hence, a full account; and the Long Parliament was not likely to carry off the private correspondence of any of its members by force. Yet, if Mr. Hamilton leaves something to be said on this head, his statement is essentially correct. The absence of the correspondence of the leaders of the Long Parliament is a regrettable fact. Pym's



handwriting, for instance, is exceedingly rare, though there are two or three letters of his among the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian Library. That this was due to excess of caution is evident. Among the Verney Papers are a considerable number of letters written to Sir Ralph Verney during his exile in France by his friend Sir Roger Burgoyne, who was himself a Member of Parliament. As a great part of these letters are in cypher, it might be expected that the writer would have filled them with political news. Such expectation, however, is doomed to disappointment; and nothing, or next to nothing, is to be gleaned from the correspondence.

Of Mr. Hamilton's work there is nothing to be said except to thank him for his services to historical knowledge. Whatever the State papers have to tell of the break up of Charles's rule and of the proceedings of the Long Parliament till after Strafford's execution is here exhibited to us. On one point, indeed, on which he speaks conjecturally positive evidence is now known to exist. Mr. Hamilton talks of the celebrated petition for a Parliament presented to the King by the peers as being "doubtless the handiwork of Pym." His colleague, Mr. Cartwright, has discovered among the Royalist Composition papers some letters written by Lord Savile, and in one of these Savile distinctly speaks of the petition as Pym's composition. These letters will, before many weeks, be published in the forthcoming volume of the "Miscellany" of the Camden Society.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

*Lectures and other Theological Papers.* By J. B. Mozley. (Rivingtons.)

It is well that these lectures and theological papers of the late Prof. Mozley should be rescued from the oblivion which commonly befalls the MS. remains of distinguished men. We have, indeed, not unfrequently to lament the indiscreet zeal of friends who drag into light the rough jottings of some departed celebrity which were never intended by their author to meet any eye but his own, and which sometimes detract from an established reputation. But no such reflection occurs to us in the case of the book before us. The lectures, which are printed from his MS., are just as finished as the articles which he himself saw through the press, and which are here reprinted. These papers are not, indeed, of a kind to add to the reputation of their author. His fame will still rest mainly on his Bampton Lectures and on the treatises which he published in his lifetime. But Prof. Mozley was so able and eminent a man that we are glad to know more of his thought on some of the subjects which have most occupied the minds of men in these latter days. What he had to say on the relations of physical science to theology, on dogma, on original sin, on perfectibility, and on other of the perpetually recurring problems of human life can never be without interest for many readers.

And Mozley treated hackneyed themes with the vigour and freshness which can only be attained by a genuine thinker; he is never a mere retailer of the commonplaces of others. He naturally put down no references to sources in papers which were only intended to serve

as lectures, and it is consequently rather difficult to trace his reading. He was, however, evidently well acquainted with the writings of the physical school of which Profs. Huxley and Tyndall are the most prominent representatives; and it is against certain misconceptions into which physicists are apt to fall that his most successful efforts are directed. It is curious to find in the paper on "Physical Science and Theology," read before the Church Congress in 1868, the very same protest against the exclusion of the thoughts and feelings of man from the realm of "nature" which we have lately seen again in *Natural Religion*.

We can hardly turn over a page of what Mozley has written without meeting with some striking thought, and we are everywhere conscious of the perfect good faith and sincerity which animated him. But we cannot fail also to be reminded not unfrequently of the fact that he generally presented himself as an advocate, though a perfectly sincere advocate, and not as a judge or a philosopher. Hence he not uncommonly states questionable propositions as if they admitted of no question; and, in pushing on a vigorous front attack, he is not always aware that he has uncovered his flank.

Take, for instance, the lecture on "The Dogmatic Office." He notices the fact that "dogmatism" has "contracted in common speech an unfavourable meaning;" and this he thinks very unreasonable, because dogmatism "is not in itself either good or bad." Now, here it would certainly have occurred to many thinkers to enquire whether this indifferent dogmatism, "neither good nor bad," is the same with the dogmatism which popular sentiment, as evidenced by the use of language, has condemned. It is, in fact, very easy to see that it is not. It is evident, from subsequent expressions in the lecture, that Prof. Mozley takes "dogma" to be simply equivalent to "doctrine," to which it would, of course, be absurd to make any general objection. But dogma, in common acceptance, is the authoritative and final expression of a doctrine; it is reducing to a hard-and-fast formula that which previously admitted of a certain liberty of expression. And the objection to dogmatism, taken in this sense, whether right or wrong, is surely perfectly intelligible. I may fully believe a doctrine, and yet object to prescribe for all time the terms in which it must be expressed. I may accept a doctrine as expressed in Scripture, and yet object to its being stereotyped in non-Scriptural language. In the case, for instance, of the definition of Nicaea, to which Prof. Mozley himself refers, Mr. Gwatkin has lately pointed out, in his *Studies of Arianism*, that the conservatives of the fourth century disliked the definition, not from any sympathy with Arianism, but as non-Scriptural, as a restraint upon the liberty of expression which they had before enjoyed. They objected to the dogma, not to the truth. What popular sentiment condemns in dogma is not the perpetuity of truth, but the tying of a truth to a particular expression. The fact is, in the case before us the Professor's main attack is directed against Rome and her claim to manufacture dogma; he does not see that he lays himself open to attack on another side.

In the pamphlet on the "Colonial Church Question," here reprinted, Mozley discusses with great ability the treatment of the subject of the inspiration of Scripture by courts of law. Here, also, we notice some looseness in the use of terms. He glides from "inspiration" to "infallibility," as if the two words were synonymous, which is by no means generally admitted; and he speaks of a "general infallibility" in Scripture which does not descend to particulars, though how a document can be infallible in general which is not infallible in particulars he does not explain. But his main point is, that, although the inspiration of Scripture cannot be defined—we may remark, in passing, that if it were identical with infallibility it could be defined—a clerk should, nevertheless, be condemned for contravening it. There is in the Church an understanding of what is intended by it, just as there is in the army of "conduct unbefitting an officer." Probably a court composed wholly of clergymen would condemn their brother for expressions or conduct which they thought "unclerical," just as a court composed wholly of officers condemns an officer for "conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman." But it is quite certain that no lay court will ever condemn a clergyman to very severe penalties—no less than the loss of his preferment or even of his orders—for an offence which cannot be defined. We should as soon expect one of the Queen's judges to sentence a man to six months' imprisonment for ingratitude or debauchery because all good men agree in detesting those vices. The question involves, in fact, that of the constitution of ecclesiastical courts and of the principles which should guide their judgments. If clerks are to be judged according to law, they must be judged by courts composed of lawyers; if according to the general clerical conception of doctrine for the time being, by clerical courts.

S. CHEETHAM.

*An Index to Periodical Literature.* By William Frederick Poole. Third Edition. Brought down to January 1882, with the assistance of William I. Fletcher. (Boston, U.S.: Osgood; London: Trübner.)

THE story of "Poole's Index" will some day form an interesting chapter in the history of literature. Thirty-five years ago Dr. Poole was a student at Yale College, and he noticed in the library of the literary society with which he was connected that the magazines were little used, though full of information about subjects in which the undergraduates were interested. No doubt many a man who had an essay to write, or who was desirous of comparing his own crude efforts with those of more practised pens, must often have looked at the long series of periodicals on the library shelves with a despair that was pathetic as well as comic, as he hopelessly abandoned the idea of being able to rifle their hidden secrets. But though each man must, at various times, have lamented the want of a clue to this labyrinth, Mr. Poole was the first to attempt the task. In 1848 a small volume of 154 pages appeared, entitled *Index to Subjects treated in the Reviews and other Periodicals to which no*

*Indexes have been published*; prepared for the Library of the Brothers in Unity, Yale College. The five hundred copies printed were soon bought up. "For twenty years," says Dr. Poole, "I had not seen a copy, when, in 1877, I saw it in the Reading Room of the British Museum, with its leaves discoloured and nearly worn through by constant handling." A copy of this pamphlet of 1848 lies before me, and forms an instructive contrast to the magnificent issue of the present year. The first edition consists, as already stated, of 154 pages, each of a single column, and registers the contents of 560 volumes. The number of separate references may be about 28,000. In the present edition the Index occupies 2,884 columns, closely and compactly printed. It is probable that there are over 170,000 references to articles. The Index is now in its third stage, for in 1853 Mr. Poole issued an enlargement of the work that was the happy thought of his student days; and since then many hopes have been expressed that he would again continue and extend it. This he could no longer attempt single-handed; but a co-operative scheme was devised, and fifty-one librarians in the United States and in England have among them written out indexes to 6,205 volumes. Mr. Poole for the previous editions had indexed 1,468 volumes; for this, he has indexed 634 more. Mr. W. I. Fletcher has indexed 516 volumes. In addition, they have had the arduous task of editing the work of their forty-nine colleagues, whose contributions in quantity range from the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain's index to 406 volumes down to Mr. Robert Harrison's modest contribution of references to the articles in the two volumes of *Bentley's Quarterly Review*. It should be said, however, that some of the help promised in England either was not forthcoming or was not completed in time for incorporation in the present edition. The lamented death of the Rev. H. O. Coxo occurred before he had completed his task of indexing the *ACADEMY*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Saturday Review*. Dr. Poole makes no complaint of his English friends, nor, perhaps, under all the circumstances, would any be valid; but it would certainly have been more satisfactory—nationally, not bibliographically—if a larger share of the work had been done in this country. The work done will not be lost, for it is intended to publish an early Supplement, and, if sufficient support be given, to continue the issues at intervals of five years.

Co-operation has rendered this great book possible, and, it must be added, is probably responsible for such defects as it possesses. The difficulty of maintaining a perfectly consistent treatment generally overcomes even the most rigid and accurate in the preparation of any large and laborious Index, and when fifty are actively at work it is only reasonable to suppose that the difficulty will increase in proportion. This will explain why some of the subjects are distributed under more than one of the fifty thousand entries. If the searcher wants to know all about that ambiguous French creature who perplexed our grandfathers, let him look both under Eon and D'Eon. It is, perhaps, no great harm that there is no cross-reference from Balsamo to Cagliostro. Under the latter heading we

have "Cagliostro of the second century," which indicates a paper by Mr. Froude; and this article, the title of which conceals rather than indicates, is also entered under its real subject—Apollonius of Tyana. Sometimes it may be feared these fanciful superscriptions have effectually buried their author's productions. Many cross-references are given, but more would be useful, for each one additional increases the chances of finding what is wanted. If the magnitude of the task be considered, the wonder will be, not at the few mistakes which may here and there be noticed, but at the excellent quality of the work as a whole. The plan may be illustrated by the article on Sir Philip Sidney, which contains the volume and page of articles relating to the soldier-poet in the *North American Review*, *Chambers's Journal*, *London Society*, the *Living Age*, the *Argosy*, *Potter's American Monthly*, *Hogg's Instructor*, the *Universalist Quarterly*, the *Penny Magazine*, the *Southern Messenger*, the *British Quarterly Review*, *De Bow's Review*, *Eclectic Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Retrospective Review*, *Little's Museum*, *Congregational Magazine*, the *Archæologia*, *Edinburgh Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *Quarterly Review*, the *Southern Review*, *Colburn's Monthly*, and the *London Magazine*. There are altogether thirty-five references, several of the articles having been reprinted, and thus being twice indexed. It may, of course, be said that some of these are insignificant and of no permanent value. That is probably true; but, on the other hand, they include critical papers by Charles Lamb, Robert Southey, E. K. Whipple, and Isaac D'Israeli, and an article by that archaeological specialist, Mr. G. F. Beltz.

This leads to the consideration of another feature of the Index. It is an alphabetical list of subjects, and hence affords no clue under the author's name as to the articles which he may have written. In the present generation, when nearly all the men of letters and men of affairs have contributed to periodical literature, a list of authors would certainly be one of great interest, but it would assume somewhat gigantic proportions. Dr. Poole has, however, added the names of writers where they are known, whether the articles are signed or anonymous, and he has evidently made this a point of importance. "There was," he says, "a fascination in the search which made it a recreation." He found that English librarians had some scruples; but on the other side of the Atlantic he says they "rather take pleasure in printing the name of a contributor who would like to have it suppressed." Mandeville, in an anonymous criticism on an anonymous tract by Bishop Berkeley, says that "offering to guess at an author when he chooses to be concealed is a rudeness almost equal to that of pulling off a woman's mask against her will." Without going quite so far as the author of either of these quotations, it may be conceded that information of this kind is always pleasant, and sometimes really useful. The authorship of a magazine article is usually an open secret at the time of its appearance, though a few years of forgetfulness may make it an almost inscrutable mystery. Many annotations of this kind will, doubtless, be made by possessors of the Index. Thus, the article on

Sidney's "Arcadia" which appeared in the *Retrospective Review* was written by Mr. James Crossley, and afterwards published in a small separate volume.

To the man of letters *per se* this book, with all its usefulness, will have something of terror, for, as he turns over its handsome pages, ever and anon some of the literary sins of his youth will rise up in evidence against him. He will look aghast at the record of articles which he had hoped were as safe buried as in the tomb of the Capulets, but which are now marked with Dr. Poole's tell-tale brand. This is the only drawback we can imagine to a book that is as excellent in its execution as it is bold in conception and useful in object. Bibliography is ceasing to be the plaything of mere book-collectors; it is becoming scientific in its methods and practical in its aims. This is largely due to American influence; and certainly one of the greatest and most practical of Transatlantic bibliographers is Dr. Poole, whom we have now to congratulate on the completion of a work that will earn him the gratitude of scholars alike in the Old World and in the New.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

#### LESSON'S POLYNESIANS.

*Les Polynésiens : leur Origine, leurs Migrations, leur Langage.* Par le Dr. A. Lesson, &c. Ouvrage rédigé d'après le manuscrit de l'auteur par Ludovic Martinet. Tomes II et III. (Paris: Leroux.)

It is to be regretted that the editor of this work has not seen fit to condense it. These bulky volumes, like their predecessor, contain an endless reiteration of views and statements; assertions that this argument has been refuted, and that other will be refuted by-and-by. The constant repetition of the theory to be proved is, perhaps, however, while the proof keeps receding before us, not altogether superfluous. The author alludes sarcastically to the rounded and finished theory of M. de Quatrefages; but, even admitting that there may be something suspicious in that artistic completeness, we cannot but think that Dr. Lesson might, in this respect, have, with advantage, taken a leaf out of his rival's book. His own theory about the Polynesian race (see *ACADEMY*, May 29, 1880) is that it originated in New Zealand, and spread thence, not merely to the other islands of the Pacific, but to Asia and Africa. In the second volume he argues—in opposition, as he admits, to all the principal writers on the subject—against its Asiatic origin. It is obviously unfair to hold, as he does, all the supporters of this view to a belief in the descent of the Polynesians from the modern Malays; and it is ridiculous, besides, to assume that everyone who believes in their immigration from Asia has his reasoning powers clouded by religious prejudice—"cela tient à ce qu'on a toujours voulu sauver la Bible et le monogénisme"! Every thoughtful supporter of the Asiatic origin is fully alive to the difficulties which beset that and any other solution of the question. Our author, however, makes light of various considerations which, taken together, cannot be thus dismissed. Among these are the existence, alike in the Pacific and in Asia, of



various similar myths, arts, and other institutions; of circumcision and tattooing; of the lunar division of the year; of cities of refuge. He rightly attaches much importance to traditions and legends, which in certain states of society are preserved with an accuracy almost inconceivable in countries where writing exists. But his reasoning is not very close or convincing. Thus, he records a New Zealand legend of the origin of fire in which certain trees are mentioned. This legend, he says, helps us to ascertain where Hawaiki (the original home of the race) was, "puisque n'y a qu'une seule contrée produisant plusieurs des arbres désignés." But unless the same legend were found, mentioning the same trees, in islands where those trees did not exist, we fail to see the force of the argument. Again, he argues that the New Zealanders are true autochthones from the isolated character of the flora and fauna, forgetting, it would almost seem, that these have not the same power of migration as the human inhabitants. Bourotu, the Hades of Fiji (a name applied also in Tonga and Samoa to the primeval home of the race), is identified by Hale and other writers with the Island of Bouru in the Moluccas. Dr. Lesson, desirous of proving that the race has no associations, even legendary, with regions to the westward, argues from a Tongan legend (which we think he misinterprets) that Bourotu is in Fiji. But the Fijians place it far to the westward, the souls of their dead taking their departure thither from a point (Naithombothombo) at the north-west extremity of the group. The work contains various inaccuracies in matters of fact. Some of these, relating to the customs and to the mythology of Fiji, and the signification and spelling of Fijian words, are excusable in a writer whose Pacific experiences date from some sixty years back, but they might have been corrected by his editor.

Our author candidly admits that some of his arguments are "fort hypothétiques;" and we venture to extend the criticism to his etymologies, to which, and to his "Tableaux linguistiques comparatifs," he attaches considerable weight. But they are not free from inaccuracies; and the frequent misspelling of English words and names must necessarily shake the confidence of English readers in the author's philological acquirements, even if they do not gauge these by the following passage, which stands as a sad proof that a little knowledge (of English) is a dangerous thing:—

"Quoiqu'il en soit, les indigènes, pour établir leurs caractères distinctifs entre tribus, ont adopté différentes sentences ou devises: Shortland, Taylor et Thompson donnent à ces devises le nom de Motto. Il est probable que ce mot n'est pas le véritable, car Moto, en Maori, signifie seulement boxer, frapper avec le poing. Nous croyons que l'expression indigène est Motu, qui signifie divisé, être séparé, division, séparation, marque distinctive. Chaque tribu a son Motu," &c.!

Dr. Lesson's weightiest arguments are derived from the New Zealand traditions of the emigration of their ancestors from the primeval Hawaiki, which he almost persuades us to identify with the Middle island of New Zealand. According to some of the legends,

the distance from Hawaiki to the North island was very short and the road familiar, and certain plants are reported to have been brought from Hawaiki which grow only in New Zealand. But, on examining the legends, we find that other plants and seeds were brought which belong to more tropical latitudes; and the voyage and its direction are described in terms which could not apply to a mere coasting voyage from the Middle island of New Zealand to the Northern. The expeditions seem to have been spread over a considerable period, and it may be readily conceded that emigrations from the one island to the other did take place; but there is no great difficulty in supposing that the legends which describe these local migrations have incorporated many of the names and incidents belonging to the earlier traditions. At all events, it seems more simple to solve the question in this way than to adopt, on very inadequate reasoning, a view which runs counter to a pretty general consensus of opinion, based on evidence of various kinds, and which, if not conclusive, has at least considerable cumulative force.

COUTTS TROTTER.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Shandon Bells.* By William Black. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

*Facing the Footlights.* By Florence Marryat. In 3 vols. (White.)

*Portia; or, by Passions Rocked.* By the Author of "Phyllis." In 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

*So as by Fire.* In 3 vols. (Maxwell.)

*My Heart and I.* By Elinor Hume. (Bentley.)

*Through the Night.* By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

A BRIEF and, at the same time, adequate criticism of any of Mr. William Black's novels is not easy to write, because the peculiar quality of his work can only be indicated in an indirect and allusive manner. We feel the charm, but feel also the difficulty of analysing it, just as we should feel the difficulty of analysing our delight in the balminess of the air on a typical June morning. Fortunately for the critic, no one who reads novels at all needs any description of the general character of Mr. Black's fictions; and all that is necessary in writing of such a novel as *Shandon Bells* is to give a glimpse of its figures and background, leaving the reader to infer, from his knowledge of the artist's handling, the special qualities of the picture. Mr. Black has, for the time, left the Western Highlands, and betaken himself to the almost equally delightful South coast of Ireland. Here the story begins and ends, though its interest centres in the world of London journalism, where his hero, Willie Fitzgerald, has his "struggle for existence," sustained by the thought of pretty Kitty Romaine, who has sworn fidelity "over running water" in the glen at Inisheen, and who waits for him under Shandon bells. Fitzgerald's experiences as sub-editor of the *Household Magazine* are admirably told; and as a delicately finished

satirical portrait, unspiced by a touch of caricature, nothing could be better than the sketch of Mr. Hilton Clarke, described by Mr. Gifford, of the *Liberal Review*, as "the sort of man who writes triolets, parts his hair down the middle, and belongs to the Savile Club." Mr. Gifford himself is delightfully life-like—perhaps too much so, for we seem to know him and his journal; and the capitalist proprietor of the *Household Magazine*, who wants it to be "a gentlemanly paper," and does not want to have people speaking of him "as the owner of a d—d Radical print," is really amusing, though much less fresh and more conventional than Mr. Clarke and Mr. Gifford. For the story of Willie Fitzgerald's great sorrow and his final consolation readers must be referred to Mr. Black's novel; but it is surely rather too bad of the novelist to allow Kitty, who is destined to be cruelly faithless, to get such a strong hold upon our affections, while Mary Chetwynd, who is really Fitzgerald's guardian angel, is so painted that we can feel for her nothing but a sort of chilly admiration. Of Mr. Black's still-life there is no need to speak. He is a master of detail, but detail is never the master of him; and for giving the very atmosphere, the spirit, the emotional quality of a landscape, it seems to me he has no equal among living novelists. His rivals are among workers with the brush and the etching-needle, not with the pen.

Florence Marryat, as Mrs. Lean will always be called by the readers who know her only through her books, has served a long apprenticeship to novel-writing; and *Facing the Footlights* is, as it ought to be, fairly creditable journeyman's work. More than this cannot be said of it. The author has learned not only how to construct a story which shall hang tolerably well together, but to tell it in such a way that the mild interest aroused by the opening chapters shall not be allowed to flag; and these acquirements satisfy the wants of the ordinary novel devourer, who, so long as his time is comfortably killed, does not demand originality of conception or grace of treatment. In one portion of her story Mrs. Lean has undoubtedly followed a bad example. The introduction of a professional beauty, who, after exciting the admiration of very distinguished persons, appeals to the suffrages of a wider circle by going upon the stage, is evidently an attempt to vie with those writers who have achieved notoriety by thinly disguised portraits of well-known living people; but, as in this case the attempt is glaringly unsuccessful, the critic can afford to be lenient, and to content himself with the expression of a hope that the offence may not be repeated. Of the principal characters in the book, perhaps the least unsatisfactory is the actress, Mrs. Gerome, who adopts Eudora Thane and prepares her for "facing the footlights." But the novelist has so little regard for consistency that she represents this singularly sensible and sober-minded woman as being guilty of the melodramatic practical joke of announcing her own death in order to regain the affection of a hopelessly selfish and indifferent husband, and then makes improbability still more improbable by representing

the trick as successful. Even Mrs. Lean's long experience in the manufacture of fiction has not taught her how to economise her materials. Early in the first volume Eudora discovers that her lover, Mr. Deane, has murdered her guardian, Mrs. Griffin; but this startling situation is entirely unrelated to the rest of the story, and the only use Eudora makes of her knowledge is to prevent Mr. Deane from marrying the professional beauty, Lady Mirabel Sefton, a marriage in which he would certainly have found some punishment for his crime. I will only add that, though Mrs. Lean has not infrequently sinned against good taste, she has never written anything quite so revolting as the loathsome description of the symptoms of poisoning by laurel-water in the case of the unfortunate Mrs. Griffin. One sentence is absolutely unquotable.

*Portia* can hardly be considered an advance upon the previous works of its author, and it is certainly not a fulfilment of the promise of *Phyllis*. There is a great deal in it that is admirable; and, if—to mention only a single feature—everything were as well done as the vigorous, bright, and perfectly natural conversations, it would be one of the best novels of the season. Unfortunately, the story is pervaded by a sentimental unreality, which is all the more annoying because evidently not the result of incompetence. The simplicity and life-likeness of such characters as Roger Dare and the amusing Dicky Browne make it all the harder to forgive the theatrical airs and graces of Fabian, Portia, Dulce, and Stephen Gower in what may be called his "second period." Fabian, who has been suspected, on evidence which seems to have been absurdly inadequate, of forging his uncle's name, and who thinks it the proper thing to pose as a blighted being, is a painful illustration of the proverbial proximity of the sublime to the ridiculous; and anything more fantastically unrealisable than his relations with Portia it is all but impossible to imagine. After making these complaints it may seem inconsistent to add that the story is really interesting. But, as a matter of fact, interest depends, not upon the absence of faults, but upon the presence of merits; and, in spite of absurdities, *Portia* has enough vigour, vivacity, and literary skill to make it not unpleasant reading.

After the very touching dedication of *So as by Fire*, it would be impossible to speak severely of the book even were one so inclined. It cannot be called a good novel, but to indulge in elaborate depreciation of it would be to break a butterfly upon the wheel. Its merits and its defects are both of a negative order. It is free from offences against morality, taste, or grammar; and it is also free from all the qualities which characterise readable fiction. It might be called "A Comedy of Errors" were it not for the fact that, though there are plenty of errors, there is no comedy. The plot is incoherent, the characters are for the most part utterly unreal, the conversations are tiresome, and the general effect is bewildering; and yet the author is evidently a cultivated person who is not devoid of a certain cleverness. When will people learn that novel-writing is an art,

and that the novelist needs as severe a training as the painter or the sculptor?

Miss Elinor Hume borrows her title from one of Mrs. Browning's poems and her story from another; *My Heart and I* being simply "Bertha in the Lane" spun out into a volume of prose. The novel follows the poem as closely as is possible; one situation—the discovery by the heroine that her lover has transferred his affection to her younger and more beautiful sister—being reproduced without alteration. Whether this kind of thing is quite legitimate seems doubtful; but I suppose that Miss Hume is entitled to the benefit of the doubt, and she has certainly told the story gracefully enough, though with what seems, to a masculine reader, an excess of sentimentality. The book is, after the fashion of its kind, written in the present tense; the writer's knowledge of the right meaning and use of words is not profound; and such a sentence as "It is news to Maggie and I, this last," indicates that Miss Hume might with advantage devote a little leisure to the study of English grammar.

A good ghost story is a good thing, but I think most readers will feel that a volume of ghost stories is too much of a good thing. And, though some of the tales in Mrs. Linnaeus Banks's *Through the Night* are very readable when taken singly, the effect of huddling them together is that one kills the other, so that after reading two or three of them our flesh refuses to creep any more, and we feel simply tired. Then, too, the stories are very unequal, and several of them, though suitable enough for a Christmas number, are a little too thin to be worth preserving in a volume. "Judgment Deferred" is perhaps the best; but the natural, not the supernatural, is the true field for Mrs. Banks's very genuine talent.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

#### SOME HISTORICAL BOOKS.

*A Manual of Historical Literature.* By C. K. Adams. (Sampson Low.)

*A Descriptive Catalogue of Historical Novels and Tales.* By H. C. Bowen. (Stanford.)

*A Handbook in Outline of the Political History of England to 1881.* By A. H. D. Acland and C. Ransome. (Rivingtons.)

*Charlemagne.* By E. L. Cutts. (S. P. C. K.)

STUDENTS of history are apt to be frightened at the growing mass of materials; and vistas of unknown length open out to right and left of any course of reading. Any helps are welcome, and guidance is especially needed in the selection of books. A small list should be given at first, but the means of making further enquiry should be pointed out, and the most desirable works mentioned, or at least the most accessible. Mr. Adams' Manual seems to us the most useful help as yet supplied to the student; and, as is right in an English book, great stress is laid on the Constitutional History of England, the United States, and the Greater England which is forming all over the world. The precedents and lessons of history are even now of no small use in preparing for future emergencies. Mr. Adams gives, first, an Introduction on the study of history, on the historical method, and on evidence. Then follow chapters on universal histories, in which the books are arranged

alphabetically, and books on the progress of civilisation and the philosophy of history are included. Antiquity is fully treated—the East, Greece, Rome—as preparatory to the middle ages, and to modern times. England, France, Germany, America, and the other great States receive full attention; but the smaller States are not neglected. The books in each section are given in chronological order, and our author is careful to remark whether they have a good index or not. At the end of each section there are also most useful suggestions to students and readers, including striking essays and articles in Reviews, and a selection of the choicest historical novels, based on the Boston "List of English Prose Fiction." Mr. Bowen's Catalogue, mentioned above, is based on the same list, and is useful; but it might have been made much more useful if historical dramas had been added. Thus, for the Netherlands, Taylor's *Van Artevelde* is more instructive than most novels, and so is Goethe's *Egmont*, &c. Some also of Landor's *Conversations* would be of much interest to students.

Here and there Mr. Adams' account of the historians might be made more definite with advantage. Thus, on Guicciardini, instead of the story of the man who preferred the galleys to reading the History, it would have been better to quote Thiers' character of the historian (*Consulat*, xii. p. 11: the whole introduction is instructive on the methods of writing). As to Froissart, we know now that in his later editions he modified the favourable views of the English cause which he at first entertained. On Hume it should have been remarked that the summaries at the end of each reign are valuable for their social and economical notices; in fact, Hume anticipates Adam Smith. In later editions Hume omitted a famous passage on the American colonies. In comparing Evelyn's *Diary with Pepys*, it is important to state that Evelyn retouched his book in later life, so that it has not the same contemporary character as Pepys'. In p. 504 it should be noted that Ingulph is a forgery. We miss a few books such as Theiner on the Council of Trent, Stanley's Canterbury, Mullinger on Universities, Cairnes on the Slave Power, Schmidt's *Pariser Zustände*; but the author rightly says that he can but make a selection. There is an excellent Index, in which subjects are included. Perhaps the deficiencies in history might be noticed according to Bacon's idea, e.g., as to Hungary. The misprints are few: read Wordsworth for Coleridge, p. 113; Coote for Coate, p. 504.

The *Handbook of English Political History* by Acland and Ransome is equally useful in another way. It gives a continuous outline of English political events, while on the opposite page is a selection of foreign and colonial occurrences, with notes and quotations. In a Second Part there are political summaries of the most useful kind, under such heads as Parliament, Ireland, the Corn Laws, the Law Courts, the American War of Independence. No less than forty-four genealogies are inserted to illustrate wars of succession, the connexion of the great political families, and so on—e.g., of the Carterets and Granvilles, the Fox family, the Pitts and Grenvilles. Appendices give the chief Ministers to Anne's reign, and the variations in the composition of the two Houses of Parliament to the present day. The saving of time to the student in having such a handy book to consult is very appreciable, and we have hardly ever found the book fail us. Nor are the synchronisms between English and foreign history less valuable. In fact, the English reigns may be used as pegs on which to hang almost all the great foreign dates. Even in early times Athelstan restored Louis d'Outremer, and the foreign marriages of his four sisters connect the old and new ruling



houses of France and Germany together. In Anne's reign every European Sovereign is in connexion with England. Perhaps a few more ecclesiastical dates might be inserted—e.g., Columba's foundation of Iona, the death of Willibrod and other English missionaries abroad, the Council of Bari, at which Anselm was present. In p. 50 perhaps Clarence's children should be inserted, and in p. 49 we miss Statute Staple. But for general use and suggestiveness none of the chronological books published equal this Handbook.

History, like legend, groups many events or glories round one great name, such as Alfred or Charlemagne. So much becomes clear when it is seen to lead up to the hero's history, and so much results from the hero's acts, that Mr. Cutts has quite rightly made Charles the Great only the centre of a History of the Franks. He begins with Clovis, and gives a picture of the state of society when the Germans took the reins of empire into their own hands. He is here able to use the poetical versions from Sidonius Apollinaris contained in Mr. Hodgkin's *Italy and her Invaders*. The whole book is of course a compilation, and it is well compiled—largely, as is natural, from French sources—but such a mixed nomenclature as "Desiderata daughter of Didier" should be avoided. There is a map which shows the central position of Austrasia, from which the Franks could strike at the Saxons to the left or the Bavarians on the right. In the genealogical table (p. 44) Bertha, the daughter of Caribert, who married Ethelbert of Kent, might have been inserted to illustrate the relation of the Franks to the English, which is noticed in the text. The influence of the Church and of such great men as St. Boniface is rightly insisted on. It did not lie within the author's plan to discuss the question whether Boniface did well in repressing the Scotch-Irish missionaries, whose freer system, though it had evils of its own, might have modified the Roman rule, and perhaps saved it from the corruption into which it soon after fell; or, again, whether the vast bishoprics created by Boniface were not the cause of much evil to Germany later on. But Boniface's work is well described, and so is that of Alcuin; and Mr. Cutts takes care to quote the curious list of books in the library at York. The quotations are happily introduced: e.g., the legendary account of the conversation between Desiderius and Otter (p. 230), on the march of Charles into Lombardy—which, by-the-by, Macaulay has versified—where he shows how patches of legend are apt to be interspersed among pieces of true history. But the great Frankish chief became at once a subject of legend. Ought there not to be some index to these books?

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. BRYCE, while on a recent visit to Rome, was fortunate enough to make an interesting discovery. In a private library he found the missing MS. which Nicholas Alemanni quotes in his famous notes to the *editio princeps* of the *Anecdota* of Procopius (1623), and which has been so often searched for in vain in the Vatican under the name of Theophilus. It is not the full "Vita Justiniani" (though that is the title under which Alemanni cites it), but a series of extracts from what is described as a Slavonic original. Prof. Bryce has copied the MS., and will probably publish before long some account of the discovery and of its significance.

In consideration of the international colonial exhibition to be held this year at Amsterdam, it has been decided to advance by a twelvemonth the date of the Congress of Orientalists, which will be held at Leyden from September 10 to 15, 1883. The same reason has led to a pro-

posal to devote special attention at this congress to the languages and peoples of Polynesia. Admission to the Congress of Orientalists, together with the right to receive its publications, may be obtained on payment (to Dr. W. Pleyte, of Leyden) of six florins (say 12s.). The following are the officers of the organising committee:—President, R. Dozy; vice-president, A. Kuenen; treasurer, W. Pleyte; secretaries, M. J. de Goeje and C. P. Tiele.

THE widow of the late Dr. Guest has announced her intention of presenting to all the chief public libraries and literary institutes of Great Britain a copy of her husband's *Origines Celticae*, just published by Messrs. Macmillan. Any library which is overlooked should apply to Mrs. Guest, Sandford Park, Woodstock, Oxford.

WE believe that Mr. Austin Dobson's *Fielding* will take precedence of Mrs. Oliphant's *Sheridan* in the "English Men of Letters" series.

THE Cambridge Syndicate has now passed its scheme for a special examination in modern languages, and will shortly set the subjects for the first examination. The next business will be a scheme for the modern languages tripos, but some time must elapse before this is got into order and passed.

MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR is at work on her *Browning Primer*, and hopes to have it out this autumn.

MR. SWINBURNE has written a poem on the death of Richard Wagner, which appears in the *Musical Review* of to-day.

THE sale of *John Inglesant* has now reached fourteen thousand copies.

THE Clarendon Press will publish immediately the fragment of the *editio princeps* of the Epistle of Barnabas, as printed at Oxford in 1642 under the editorship of Archbishop Ussher, and preserved in the Bodleian Library. A dissertation on the literary history of this edition is furnished by the Rev. J. H. Backhouse, who died on December 17 last. His letters to the ACADEMY on the subject will be within the recollection of our readers.

WE learn that the second part of vol. vii. of the *Records of the English Jesuits*, by Henry Foley, S.J., containing upwards of 1,000 pages, will be ready in Easter week. It concludes the English "Collectanea S.J." (1555-1882), gives a catalogue of nearly 900 aliases (names assumed for the sake of protection), with the real family names—a useful key to the antiquary; also copious reports from the missionaries in England, forming original historical matter relative to the condition of Catholics under the penal laws; histories of English Continental colleges; biographies; and miscellaneous.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL will be the publishers of the Hon. D. A. Bingham's forthcoming work on the Napoleon Correspondence, to which we have before referred.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK announces a new illustrated edition of the *Waverley Novels*, in twelve volumes, reprinted from the plates of the Centenary edition. The first volume, containing *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, will be published on March 1, and the remainder at intervals of one month. This edition is "copyright"—that is to say, it contains all Sir Walter Scott's own notes and other copyright matter.

WE understand that arrangements have been made with the owner of Landor's copyright to issue in this country the edition of the *Imaginary Conversations* published by Messrs. Roberts, of Boston, U.S.

THE only exception that could be urged against Mr. Main's *Treasury of English Sonnets* was its lack of portability. We are, therefore,

delighted to hear that Mr. Main has made a selection from that exhaustive treasury, which will be published shortly, in Elzevir form, by Messrs. Blackwood. A few notes only will be given. The title chosen by Mr. Main is *CCC. English Sonnets, the Best in the Language*.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND Co. announce *Underground Russia: Revolutionary Profiles and Sketches from Life*, by Stepniak, formerly editor of *Zemlia and Volia* ("Land and Liberty"), with a Preface by Peter Lavroff.

A NEW edition has been demanded of *The Booklover's Enchiridion*; and the editor, whose transparent pseudonym of "Philobiblos" we are bound to respect, has taken the opportunity to revise and enlarge it.

WE were aware that Mrs. Oliphant is the author of more than one novel now appearing in the magazines; but we are informed that yet another novel by her is also running in several provincial newspapers. This is a sequel to her well-known book, *The Greatest Heiress in England*, and is entitled *Sir Tom*. Next month the same set of newspapers will begin a new story by Miss Braddon.

THE authorised edition of Mr. Walt Whitman's *Spectimen Days and Collect*, which we have already announced that Messrs. Wilson and McCormick, of Glasgow, are about to issue, will have a heliotype portrait of the author. An authorised edition of *Leaves of Grass* will shortly follow. But we must protest against the misuse of the term "copyright" as applied to these books.

MR. GARNETT's translation of *Beowulf and the Fight at Finnsburg*, which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of January 20, is published in this country by Messrs. Trübner.

AN article will appear in the March number of the *Bibliographer* on "The Book Prohibitions of the Church of Rome," which have continued for three hundred years, from the destruction of Luther's writings to the prohibition of the last "roman risqué" of our own times.

A SERIES of sketches of animal life, by Mr. Grant Allen, is appearing in the *County Gentleman*.

THE *Fifeeshire Journal*, which has hitherto sold at threepence weekly, is henceforth to be a penny newspaper. This is one of the few papers in the provinces that take an intelligent interest in the work of the Early-English Text and Chaucer Societies.

THE fifth and concluding portion of the Sunderland Library will be sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson from March 10 to March 22. As the catalogue follows alphabetical order, the general features are the same as on previous occasions. First editions of the classics abound, as also other copies almost equally rare. The total number of entries under "Virgil" amounts to no less than 173, including a vellum copy of the first Virgil with a date, printed at Venice by Vindelin de Spira in 1470. Other rarities are a vellum copy of this printer's Sallust, of the same date; Grolier's copy of the Aldine Statius, 1519; several early, but undated, Terences, which are, unfortunately, in a bad condition; the *editio princeps* of Theocritus, and also the Aldine of 1495, with a contemporary drawing in colours; and a vellum copy of the first Aldine Homer, which was omitted from its proper place in the sale. The New Testaments include a fine series of editions of the sixteenth century, including the copy of Charles IX. of France. There are many rare English tracts of the seventeenth century; a hitherto unknown edition of "Ogier the Dane" in Italian, printed by Lucas Venetus in 1480; and early Portuguese vocabularies of Chinese, Japanese, and Brazilian. Before long will follow a sale

of those books which have been returned by purchasers on account of imperfections.

THE Belgian Government has acquired, at the price of 9,000 frs. (£360), the important MS. known as the "Liber cartarum ecclesie Leodensis," which was discovered some thirty years ago in a lumber-room of an old château. It consists of a series of charters, &c., all relating to Liège, which date from the ninth century to the middle of the fifteenth.

THE November and December numbers of *El Folk-lore Andaluz* maintain its character as one of the brightest, if not one of the most scientific, of folk-lore journals. Its contributors, we think most excellently, busy themselves more about the exact reproduction of their materials than with the theoretical explanation of them. These numbers are of especial value to the philologist, giving not only comparative specimens of various dialects of Portugal, Galicia, Leon, Valencia, and Andalusia, but also popular imitations of these dialects by natives of other provinces. The peculiarities of phonology are thus shown more prominently than they could be in any other way. They who speak in proverbs, who love country dictions and the sayings of children, will find a veritable mine in this periodical.

MR. A. R. FAIRFIELD writes that he has learnt from Mr. Morfill that his letter in last week's *ACADEMY* upon "Lord Zouche's Slavonic MSS." is based upon a mistake. Jireček himself seems to have been misled by Prof. Drinov, who has written some admirable monographs in Bulgarian on Bulgarian history. In the spring of 1879, Mr. Morfill, in company with Mr. A. H. Wratislaw, examined the MSS. of Lord Zouche, which had been temporarily deposited in the British Museum. No Bulgarian chronicles were to be found. There were, however, some very fine Old-Slavonic MSS. of the Gospels, with beautiful illuminations, pictures of the Bulgarian Tzars, &c. A notice of this was inserted at the time in Jagić's *Archiv für slavische Philologie*, the most important Slavonic journal.

#### AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

MR. JAMES G. BLAINE has been for some time past engaged in preparing a political History, under the title of *Twenty Years of Congress, from Lincoln to Garfield: a History of National Legislation from 1861 to 1881*.

THURLOW WEED, the New York politician, has left an autobiography coming down to the year 1862. It will be published shortly by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., with a continuation by his grandson, Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes. The work will make two volumes.

MESSRS. APPLETON announce a *History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War*, by Prof. John Bach M'Master, in five volumes.

THE same publishers have just issued the first volume of a new edition of Bancroft's *History of the United States*. The work of revision (which is very considerable, the number of volumes being reduced from twelve to six, and the distribution of many of the chapters having been recast) has been entirely the work of the historian himself, who is now in his eighty-third year. Bancroft, like Macaulay, was born in 1800; but Ranke is the senior of both by five years, having been born in 1795, the same year as Carlyle.

MESSRS. FUNK AND WAGNALLS, of New York, have begun this year the publication of a series called the "Standard Library," which seems to aim at the republication of popular English books other than novels at a cheap rate, but always, we are told, with some recognition of

the English authors' rights. The two first of the series are Mr. Paxton Hood's *Oliver Cromwell* and Mr. W. Mattieu Williams's *Science in Short Chapters*. These are each offered at twenty-five cents (1s.), the publishing price in England being 7s. 6d.

No less than three editions of Gray's "Elegy" are announced by three several American publishers.

PROF. GILMORE, of Rochester University, has been lecturing in Concord, Massachusetts, on "The Poet Robert Browning," and giving readings from his works.

ON January 29 a Bill was introduced into the House of Representatives for the repeal of all import duties upon works of art. It immediately passed a second reading, and was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. We quote it in full from the *Critic*, as a specimen of American "drafting":—

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled: That no duties shall be levied or collected on any works of art, either ancient or modern, or on any objects of classical antiquity imported into the United States, but the same shall be wholly exempt from duty; and the term 'works of art,' as here used, shall be understood to include all paintings, drawings, photographs, lithographs, etchings, and engravings of every kind; and all statuary of whatever material, such as marble, stone, wood, ivory, metal, or plaster; also all plaster-casts of objects of artistic or archaeological value; and the term 'objects of classical antiquity' shall be understood to include all objects of art or manufacture produced before the beginning of the nineteenth century. That section one of this act shall not be understood as exempting from payment of duty modern jewelry, or any objects of trade manufacture attached or to be attached to clocks, gas-fixtures, or to other objects of household furniture; neither shall the same be understood as exempting from payment of duty statuary imported for the sake of the material of which the same is composed. That all provisions of law inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed."

THE statistics of literary production for the past year given in the *New York Publishers' Weekly* are even more suggestive than the corresponding figures for England upon which we have already commented. In the first place, the total number of books and new editions published in America in 1882 is only 3,472, as compared with 5,124 in England; but then it must be recollected that the English total showed a progressive decrease during the past three or four years, while the American total shows an increase of more than forty per cent. in two years. In America, fiction easily takes the lead with 767, as compared with only 430 in England. This difference is to be explained by the large number of American reprints. Next comes theology with 326 (an actual decrease on the previous year), comparing with 589 in England; juvenile books, 278 (a very great decrease), comparing with 989; law, 261, comparing with 75. It would be useless to carry the comparison farther, for it is evident that the classification has not been made on the same principles. Still, it is surprising (if true) that the Americans read twice as many novels, and only half as many sermons, as we do.

#### FRENCH JOTTINGS.

THIS week was published the eighth volume of the *Discours et Plaidoyers* of Gambetta, edited, like the preceding volumes, by M. Joseph Reinach. It includes the period from December 1877 to January 1879, when M. Grévy became President of the Republic and Gambetta President of the Chamber of Deputies. The next volume, in two parts, will cover the two years of Gambetta's Presidency of the

Chamber, and another volume the few months of his Ministry. A final volume (the twelfth) will give his later speeches, together with all the newspaper articles that appeared under his name before 1869. It is also proposed to publish one more volume—not part of this series, but yet associated with Gambetta's name—containing the proclamations, official despatches, &c., of the Government of National Defence in the provinces.

WE have received the first *Bulletin* of the newly founded Société historique et Cercle Saint-Simon, published by M. Léopold Cerf, one of the members. It contains, among other things, the inaugural address of M. Gabriel Monod, and the first of a series of fortnightly *conférences*, this one being by M. Albert Sorel, upon "The Influence of France in Europe on the Eve of the Revolution." The subsequent *conférences* have been delivered by MM. H. Cordier, Gaston Paris, Michel Bréal, and Ernest Renan. The success of this club has been quite extraordinary. Within a few months it filled up its total of five hundred "membres sociétaires et fondateurs," who each pay an annual subscription of 60 frs. They seem to include by far the greater number of Frenchmen who are known in literature or the historical sciences, excepting, perhaps, representatives of "the Right." The "bureau" comprises MM. Martin, Mignet, Monod, Sorel, and Hanotaux; but the average run of members is much less strictly historical than these names would imply. Orientalists are well represented, as everywhere in France. Léon Gambetta appears among the members already deceased.

THE ancient palace of the Popes at Avignon is at present occupied by a company of actors who, it is affirmed, do considerable damage to the old frescoes with which the walls are covered, and also in many ways to the building itself. The Commission des Monuments historiques has therefore taken the matter up, and it may be assumed that the *troupe* will soon have notice to quit.

THE *Courrier de L'Art* relates a strange custom of the Académie française. Every time an *immortel* dies, his bust is commissioned by the perpetual secretary to be set up in one of the niches of the Salle des Séances. But these niches are limited in number, so that when a new bust is set up an old one has to be displaced. What becomes of the old ones? is very naturally asked; and it is found that they disappear into the garrets. Charles Blanc is the latest candidate for a transitory niche.

A LARGE number of newspaper articles by Théophile Gautier, dealing with pictures, plays, and books, have been collected into a volume, and published by Charpentier, as a sort of supplement to the edition of Gautier's complete works. The title is *Les Souvenirs de Théâtre, d'Art et de Critique*.

THE second volume has appeared (Paris: Charpentier) of the elaborate historical work upon Louis XIV. and Innocent XI. by Prof. Michaud, of Bern.

#### OBITUARY.

ARCHIVRATH JOSEPH BADER, the Nestor of Baden historians, died at Freiburg on February 7. He was born in 1805 at Thiengen, near Waldshut, and studied first theology and then law at the University of Freiburg. In 1824 he was expelled from the university on account of his participation in the "Germania" Club. He threw himself with zeal into his favourite study—the history of his own little fatherland. In 1837 he brought out his first great work, the product of many years of research—the *Badische Landesgeschichte*. This immediately procured



him a situation as assistant in the General-Landesarchiv at Karlsruhe, and the degree of Doctor from the University of Freiburg. In 1854 he was advanced to the position of Archivrat. He was well known to historical students as the editor of the *Badenia*, a periodical devoted to the history and general "Landeskunde" of the Grand Duchy. In the summer of 1881 he removed from Karlsruhe to Freiburg, in order to complete his *Geschichte von Freiburg*. The first volume is already printed; the second, and last, volume is said to be ready for the press.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

WAGNER.

We yet shall walk his path and find it fair.

His was the task to make the timbers crash,  
A pioneer. Perchance too rough and rash,  
He scorned the singing birds that filled the air.  
To him the thunder of a falling tree,

The mighty roar of ocean, gave delight.

He loved the strains of elements in fight,

For man to him seemed like a ship at sea.

In music he of human life would hear

Its incompleteness and its destinies—

A tragedy, too oft, whose melodies

Angels may catch, but not man's feeble ear.

So has he shown us of more perfect art

Who touched the discords of the human heart.

I. M. ELTON.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

We think that the second number of the *Scottish Review* (Alex. Gardner) is decidedly better than the first. The opening article, on Archbishop Tait, should be neglected by no one who is interested in its subject. The writer has evidently been familiar with the Archbishop from the very first, and he brings into prominence certain incidents in his life and certain aspects of his character which it is important to understand. The poem by Dr. Walter Smith fully maintains his rather special reputation, but it should have been either shorter or longer. The form of this Review, half-way between the old quarterlies and the half-crown monthlies, pleases us very well. But we venture to suggest that the contents would be improved by more attention to the national literature and the national history of Scotland.

The last number of *La Revue de Droit international*, which completes the fourteenth volume, contains only two articles, the first of which is by Prof. Prins, of Brussels, upon "La Philosophie du Droit et l'Ecole historique." This article is, in fact, the substance of the Professor's address at the opening of his course of lectures on Natural Law. He advocates the study of human society in the spirit which animated Bodinus in the sixteenth century, and von Savigny in the nineteenth, as the true method of realising a just conception of individual right, and of the proportionate equality of the several members of that society. The second article is entitled "La Sécurité de la Navigation dans le Canal de Suez," by Sir Travers Twiss. It reviews the complications in which the question of a protectorate of the Canal became involved during the recent troubles in Egypt, through the divergent opinions of the Governments of the Six Powers assembled in Conference at Constantinople, none of them being willing to assent to the appointment of England as their mandatory, as being the Power which has the greatest interest in the security of the navigation of the Canal, the result of which was a collective protectorate during the troubles. Sir Travers advocates a policy of disinterestedness, under which the Powers should concur in a diplomatic act, declaring their intention to respect at all times the freedom of the navigation of the Canal. The larger part

of the Review is occupied with a notice of the proceedings of the Institute of International Law at its recent session at Turin. Sig. Mancini, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, a former president of the Institute, was present, but declined to take part, as president, in the proceedings of the Institute by reason of his official position, upon which Prof. Pier Antoni, of Rome, a member of the Italian Parliament, was elected to preside at the discussions of the Institute. The most important of these discussions was on a project of maritime prize law prepared by Prof. Bulmerincq, of Heidelberg. Prof. Rivier, of Brussels, as secretary, reviewed the proceedings of the Institute during the two past years. A more complete account of the session at Turin will shortly appear in the *Annuaire* of the Institute. The volume concludes with a chronicle of international events of importance, followed by a bibliography of publications on international law which have recently appeared in Russia, France, Switzerland, and Germany.

In the *Deutsche Rundschau* Herr Hoffmann publishes a story, "Der Henenprediger," which is an interesting study of morbid psychology in the sixteenth century. Herr A. Duncker writes on "The History of the Art Treasures of Cassel." The subject of the history of art collections is one which deserves more notice than it has yet received, and Herr Duncker's article has much to interest an art student.

#### THE ILLUMINATED MSS. IN THE ASHBURNHAM COLLECTION.

THE Ashburnham Collection has long been famous among lovers of art, antiquities, and bibliography. Many treasures it was known to contain, and in its background of mystery many more were supposed to lie. The veil is now removed, and behold! "the half was not told us." In the limits of a short article it is impossible to deal even briefly with one branch of the treasures which years of study could not exhaust. Instead, therefore, of attempting to run over the whole ground, I shall refer to a few among the examples of especial excellence; and those few must, under the circumstances, be selected almost at random.

The Stowe Missal is known to students of Irish antiquities through the edition of Mr. Warren. It is variously ascribed to the tenth and eleventh centuries. Of the miniatures which it originally contained only that representing St. John, with the eagle above his head, survives. It is painted in yellow, and is a specimen of the decadence of Celtic art.

The Register of Hyde Abbey is probably the most remarkable example extant of Anglo-Saxon draughtsmanship of the eleventh century. The recto and verso of the first leaf and the recto of the second bear pen-and-ink drawings of remarkable freedom and power. The drapery of the figures is of the flutery character usual at that day, but it is not carried to exaggeration, and it is always harmonious and conducive to the general effect. Cnut and his Queen presented a great golden cross to the abbey, as the Chronicles tell us. This donation is the subject of the first miniature. The remaining pair are parts of one subject, which is divided horizontally into three compartments—the upper representing souls conducted by angels to Peter at the gate of heaven; the central, Peter and the devil fighting for a soul, the janitor of heaven being in the act of smiting his opponent on the nose with an enormous key; while the lowest division is devoted to hell. The remainder of the volume is occupied by text; and it includes, among other documents of great importance, the will of Ælfred.

A Psalter of the thirteenth century, rebound for Henry VIII., and containing numerous

bold and excellent grotesques in the true mediæval spirit, may be mentioned in passing. Far finer, however, are certain pages in the Psalter of 1410. This book was not finished till the end of the fifteenth century, and several of its pages are of inferior workmanship; but the first page, and some others in different parts of the volume, are marvels of excellent design and skilful execution. The B of "Beatus vir" contains a most delicately drawn stem of Jesse; round the page runs a perfectly free, yet perfectly obedient, bordering, formed here and there of interlaced work, lineally descended from the ancient Celtic school, and here and there of foliation founded often on the forms of holly, and taking the exact mean between stiff conventionality and actual imitation of Nature. Among all this, little medallions are inserted, representing incidents in the sacred history; and in every corner where you would least expect them are little grotesques or groups of people at work or play—pick-a-pack cavalry in mimic contest, carpenters at their labour, and often devils, laughable or grim. I had almost forgotten to mention the perfect gold backgrounds covered with dotted diaper-work which defies description.

A volume more uniformly excellent than the preceding is the Prayer-Book which belonged in turn to Elizabeth of York and Mary Queen of Scots. It is probably the finest existing English MS. of the fifteenth century; and, fortunately, it is for the most part in excellent preservation. The miniatures are designed with great freedom, their backgrounds are of every variety of diaper-work, and all are perfect in decorative effect. The borders are of extraordinary richness, and give evidence of the mind of a designer of endless versatility. In some instances the foliation is worked up into faces and heads in a manner almost unique, it being impossible to say whether the human or the leafy element predominates, or to point out where the face ends and the plant commences.

As in architecture, so in all the allied arts, of which mediæval MS. illumination must be considered to be one, the school most closely connected with the English was that of France. It is represented in this collection by many fine examples, but among them a Psalter of fourteenth-century work is pre-eminent. The miniatures are the most perfect enshrinements of the Gothic ideal of purity and gentleness known to me. Figures, whether single or grouped, are designed with consummate art; their draperies are simple, yet no elaboration could be more full of every charm; their faces are always beautiful and always calm. The miniaturist, moreover, proves himself to have possessed a fancy more than usually lively, even among the best men of his class. In the Calendar, for example, at the head of every month it has seemed good to him to draw the likeness of certain trees. In the winter months they are barren; as spring comes round, they are covered with buds, which, in due time, burst into the greenest leaves and the brightest flowers; autumn shows them laden with fruit; and then winter comes, and they are bare again. At the ends of the calendars for the months are a series of pictures of a building, which at first is firm and complete, but which by degrees tumbles down; it is the Old Dispensation, and by it stand always an apostle and a prophet. The humour of the artist comes out in the little representations of everyday scenes painted at the bottom of the pages in certain parts of the book. For the student of social history these little details are of priceless value, and the lover of art will not fail to admire the skill with which the painter has succeeded in throwing so much force and vigour into figures scarcely more than half-an-inch high. We are shown a man defending

himself against a warlike ram with an impromptu shield in the form of a three-legged stool. Farther on is a village dance, the music being furnished by a piper and a boy who beats the drums which hang at the back of a pompous personage; four rustics dance, and a beggar with his dog stands by looking on. Very interesting are a set of miniatures illustrative of the life of St. Louis, but the kindness and instinctive good feeling of the artist are most clearly seen in the loveliest picture of all, which accompanies the Prayer to One's Guardian Angel. Here we are shown an old and almost broken-down man, in tattered garments, and with careworn, but nowise unbeautiful, face; he carries two little children in his arms, and a third clings by his side. Unto him comes his angel, the brightest and fairest angel in the book, accompanied by a queen, who pours gifts into the basin which the old man holds forth to receive them. The little pictures of boys playing skittles, balls, and other games are likewise interesting from many points of view.

In a late fourteenth-century French *Horae* a remarkable, though not altogether unique, feature may be noticed. At the foot of each page is a little miniature, and beneath it a line of writing descriptive of the subject represented. These miniatures run in series, and illustrate various tales popular at the time. One set, for example, tell how a knight beholds his wife coquetting with a monk; the sinners are put in the stocks, and the husband stands by and jeers them; in answer, however, to prayer, two devils are forced to take their place, while they themselves are permitted to take refuge in a monastery and a nunnery. A similar release is granted to a monk who broke into a treasury and carried off some money-bags. Pictures of "the three living and the three dead," and of other well-known subjects, likewise occur.

A MS. Commentary on the Apocalypse written in the year 1330 or 1331 by an Italian scribe at Avignon, and illustrated by a French miniaturist, forms an interesting link between the schools of France and Italy. The figures in the miniatures are on rather a large scale for the page, but they are remarkably graceful in design, and they are drawn with lines which an engraver could not surpass in purity with his burin. The chord of colours employed is of the simplest.

Coming now to the work of Italian illuminators, the first MS. which attracts attention is a Pentateuch, in all probability produced in North Italy during the seventh century. It contains numerous full-page illustrations, which are, for the most part, in remarkable preservation. Such a volume is, of course, almost unique. Vienna possesses a fragment of Genesis of the end of the fifth century, and the treatise of Dioskorides of the sixth century, both of which contain miniatures of note. At Berlin are some leaves from a Bible of the sixth century containing illustrations to the story of Saul. A Gospels of the seventh century in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, contains an effigy of St. Luke, and a page with small scenes from the Passion. The Laurentian Library at Florence possesses a Bible and a few other early illuminated fragments; and there the list may be said to end. The Pentateuch (formerly in the Libri Collection) is certainly equal to any of these in interest, and surpasses most of them. The paintings seem to have been the work of a native Italian artist, and show few traces of Byzantine influence. The drawing is usually free, the figures are lively and plain to be understood, and the composition of particular groups is often excellent. But the great value which the miniatures possess consists not so much in the light they throw on the state of art in those dark days, as in the insight they afford into the

social conditions of a people about whom we know so very little. The artist has drawn his subjects from the men among whom he dwelt. He shows us the costumes of the day just at their point of transition from classic to mediæval forms—the garments of the women still caught together with *fibulae* on the shoulders; the workmen, with bare feet and legs, wearing short breeches to the knee, jackets with short skirts, and over all a kind of short toga; the overseers arrayed in garments very like the modern trousers, and their heads covered with hats not far removed from the "chimney-pots"! The scenes of brick-making, mowing, harvesting, mule-driving, feasting, and so forth must be invaluable to all students of social history.

Passing to the work of the Florentine illuminators of later days, there is a Book of Hours, written by the famous scribe, Antonio Sinibaldi, in 1485, for some member of the Medici family, which might well delay us. Nothing can exceed the perfect decorative effect of its pages, open it where you will. The miniatures are, for the most part, small, the best of them being the heading of the Vigils of the Dead. The borders are the remarkable feature, the most elaborate of them being a perfect labyrinth of scroll work designed with utmost reserve; cherubs, flowers, arms, stars, and medallions containing heads of prophets and so forth are grouped in continually varying ways. The text is written in letters of blue and gold, and the vellum is as white as snow. Altogether, the book must be ranked among the most finished productions of its country and day.

We are thus brought to the volume which is likely to be the most popularly famous of the whole collection. It is a Missal, and is believed to have been made for Alemanno Salviati, Lorenzo de' Medici's brother-in-law. In later years it came into the possession of the Albani family. At last, in 1838, Mr. Dennistoun bought it in Rome and sent it to England. At the end of each of the months of the Calendar is a most beautiful medallion, enclosing a half-figure painted in the most finished style, the heads being always characteristic and never similar. One more especially portrait-like face, depicted in profile after the manner of the medallists, and clearly taken from a Florentine gentleman of pronounced individuality, is believed to be the portrait of Alemanno Salviati himself. The fame of the book rests, however, upon the five full-page miniatures which form the frontispieces to the different divisions of the book. These were not painted by regular miniaturists, but were the work of famous painters, and are especially interesting as examples of the great difference in style which must always be found between the work of a man accustomed to paint on a minute scale and of one trained to a more spacious style, but for once restricting himself to a small area. The first miniature is a Nativity, signed "Amicus Bononiensis" (Amico Aspertini)—the work, therefore, of a not unknown pupil of Francia. The second is an Annunciation, in which the angel is represented without wings; it is ascribed to Lorenzo da Credi, and the type of the Virgin is certainly his, but the ascription does not seem altogether unimpeachable. The third miniature is certainly the finest of the set; it represents David seated in a landscape, cithern in hand, his face turned up to heaven, and full of expression. The figure is very noble, the drapery exceedingly rich in colour, while the landscape is remarkable for its atmosphere and light; unfortunately, the border—in the Flemish style, by a different hand—does not harmonise with the rest. The St. Jerome which follows is far less noteworthy, and, though a fine miniature, does not rise above the level of fine miniatures. Last comes the picture of St. Sebastian fastened to the upper part of a tree,

as in the well-known National Gallery picture, while two archers, standing on the ground, shoot at him with their arrows. Angels hover in the sky. On the ground is written "Petrus Prusinus pinxit." It may be added that Perugino's touch is unmistakable in every part of this page.

A remarkable mixture of styles characterises a Psalter which appears without doubt to have been made in the South of Germany in the early part of the fourteenth century. This precious book, in many respects unique, was originally bound in gold covers, and belonged to some convent at Bamberg. It came into the possession of a person who cared so little about its contents that he sent the book to the Munich Mint for the covers to be melted down. The book itself remained at the mint for some time as a thing of no value, and then it was sold for a trifling sum to a dealer in curiosities, from whose hands it passed into safe keeping once more. To account for the style of the illuminations which the volume contains is a difficult problem. The best solution seems to be that the miniaturist was a South German, working under Italian influence, and with older Byzantine types before him. The designs are in no case what we should expect to find in Germany in the fourteenth century; they are Italian of a much earlier day. Yet the work is clearly that of a Northern hand, for it gives evidence of Northern vigour and spirit. Traces also of Celtic influence, often found in the work of German miniaturists, can be seen in certain ornamental details. The first and second pages of text are examples of the most noble decorative writing on a large scale that it is possible to imagine. In the miniatures the figures are large, while the backgrounds are plain gold, with a few sketchy architectural members roughly imitated from Byzantine types. The execution is rather clumsy.

Among early Flemish books the most noteworthy is a late fifteenth-century *Horae*, containing a large number of miniatures drawn in outline, and very tenderly shaded with indian ink; flat spaces of burnished gold are likewise added. The subjects are incidents from the sacred history, and a large number of single figures of saints. The style is not that of the school of Van Eyck, but recalls the work of the master E. S. of 1466. The figures are often weakly drawn; but the faces are usually full of character. Of later Flemish work the collection contains a Passion, drawn in indian ink by Rubens (b. 1577) in the year 1598. This, however, I did not see.

In conclusion, it must be observed that the collection comprises many more illuminated MSS. of quite as great interest and value as some of those above mentioned. Putting out of the question the historical and literary importance of the MSS. not illuminated, all lovers of art will find such a wealth of beautiful things among the joint productions of scribes and miniaturists here brought together that it is to be hoped they will leave no stone unturned to secure the purchase by the nation of the finest collection of the kind that has ever thus been offered to it. Treasures of this kind exist only in small quantity. The Hamilton Collection was allowed to cross the Channel; are we going to allow the Ashburnham to cross the ocean?

W. MARTIN CONWAY.

#### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- AMIEL, H. F. Fragments d'un Journal intime, précédés d'une Etude par E. Scherer. T. 1. Neuchâtel: Sandoz. 3 fr.  
ANNUAIRE de Législation étrangère, publié par la Société de Législation comparée. 11<sup>e</sup> Année. Paris: Cotillon. 15 fr.  
ECKL, B. Die Madonna als Gegenstand christlicher Kunstmalerei u. Skulptur. Vollandet v. C. Atz, Brixen; Weger. 4 M.



- EGGERS, A. Der Duometallismus. Bremen: Roussel. 1 M.
- HUART, C. I. Anecdotes, Historiettes et Bons Mots, en chinois parlé, traduits et annotés. Paris: Leroux. 5 fr.
- IWANOFF, A. Darstellungen aus der Heiligen-Geschichte. Hinterlassene Entwürfe. 5. Lfg. Berlin: Asher. 80 M.
- LIVLAND u. Irland. Ein Briefwechsel. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 3 M.
- MEYER, G. Lehrbuch d. deutschen Verwaltungs-rechts. 1. Thl. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 12 M.
- PODSCHIALOW, A. M. Beschreibung der unedirten u. wenig bekannten Münzen v. Sarmatia Europaea, Chersonesus Taurica u. Bosphorus Cimmericus. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 8 M.
- ROCHEFORT, H. Les petits Mystères de l'Hôtel des Ventes. Paris: Rouff. 3 fr. 50 c.
- TEN BELINK, J. Literarische schetsen en kritieken. 1. en 2. Deel. Leiden: Sijthoff. 3 fl. 40 c.
- TE WINKEL, J. Bladzijden mit de geschiedenis der nederlandse letterkunde. Haarlem: Erven Bohn. 3 fl. 85 c.
- THEOLOGY.**
- BERGEL, J. Mythologie der alten Hebräer. II. Leipzig: Friedrich. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- BERGMANN, F. E. Kette v. Liedern (bisher das Hohelied Salomo's betitelt) u. der Greis Salomo (bisher der Prediger Salomo benannt), aus dem Urtext. übers. u. erklärt. Strassburg: Treuttel & Würtz. 3 M. 50 Pf.
- HISTORY.**
- CLERC, Histoire des Etats généraux et des Libertés publiques en Franche-Comté. Paris: Champion. 20 fr.
- FROBING, R. Die beiden Frankfurter Chroniken d. Johannes Latomus u. ihre Quellen. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M.
- KNOTHE, H. Geschichte d. Tuchmacherhandwerks in der Oberlausitz bis Anfang d. 17. Jahrh. Dresden: Burdach. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- MUTH, F. Die Beurkundung u. Publikation der deutschen Königswahlen bis zum Ende d. 15. Jahrh. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 60 Pf.
- PRÉPAPE, L. de. Histoire de la Réunion de la Franche-Comté à la France. Paris: Champion. 16 fr.
- RICHTOFEN, K. Frhr. v. Untersuchungen üb. friesische Rechtsgeschichte. 2. Thl. Berlin: Besser. 35 M.
- SCRIPTORES rerum germanicarum. In usum scholarum. Waltrani, ut videtur, liber de unitate ecclesiae conservanda. Hannover: Hahn. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- STEFFEN, M. Die Landwirtschaft bei den altamerikanischen Kulturvölkern. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 3 M. 20 Pf.
- VLASTO, E. A. Les derniers Jours de Constantinople. Paris: Leroux. 4 fr.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ARBEITEN, astronomische, f. die europäische Gradmessung im Königr. Sachsen. 3. Abth. Die Astronomischen Arbeiten. Ausgeführt unter Leitg. v. C. Bruhns, nach dessen Tode bearb. v. Th. Albrecht. 1. Hft. Berlin: Friedberg. 10 M.
- BAITZ, C. De l'Action du Froid sur les Végétaux pendant l'Hiver 1879-80. Paris: G. Masson. 5 fr.
- HOFFMANN, C. R. Zur Ontogenie der Knochenfische. Fortsetzung. Amsterdam: Müller. 1 fl. 40 c.
- LAFITTE, P. de. Quatre Ans de Luttes pour nos Vignes et nos Vins de France. Paris: G. Masson. 6 fr.
- LOBRIOL, P. de. Description des Echinides des Environs de Camerino (Toscane). Basel: Georg. 4 M.
- MUELLER, H. Versuche üb. die Farbenliebhaberei der Honigbiene. Berlin: Friedländer. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- SCHMIEDKECHT, H. L. O. Apidae europaeae per genera, species et varietates dispositae atque descriptae. 5. Fasc. Berlin: Friedländer. 14 M.

## PHILOLOGY.

- BAISSAC, C. Etude sur le Patois créole mauricien. Paris: Challamel. 5 fr.
- HILD, J. A. La Légende d'Enée avant Virgile. Paris: Leroux. 3 fr.
- HUEBNER, E. Grundriss zu Vorlesungen üb. die griechische Syntax. Berlin: Besser. 3 M.
- IGNATIUS, F. De Antiphontis Rhamnusii elocutione. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M.
- NEISSER, W. Zur vedischen Verballehre. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 30 Pf.
- UBER, P. Quaestiones aliquot Sallustianae grammaticae et criticae. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 60 Pf.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF THE FRENCH "GOND."  
Cambridge: Feb. 13, 1883.

I find, on reference to Scheler and Littré, that there is still some doubt as to the etymology of the French *gond*, a hinge. Littré inclines to derive it from the Low-Latin *gumphus*, *gompheus*, Greek γόμφος, a nail, peg. He is quite right. The matter is put beyond all doubt by the following references to Wright's *Volume of Vocabulary*, first series. At p. 110, in describing the parts of a door, we find the Latin *gumphos*, glossed by the Old-French *gurs*. At p. 170, we find the Old-French *gours*,

glossed by the English *hokes* (hooks), with reference to a door. And at p. 179, near the bottom, it is made quite clear that the Low-Latin *gumphus* had also the sense of "hole;" so that it could mean either the hook of a door or the hole in which it works.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

## BUDDHIST SANSKRIT TEXTS.

Queens' College, Cambridge: Feb. 17, 1883.

Your Oxford correspondent has made a mistake when he states in the *ACADEMY* for February 10, p. 102, that

"the first Buddhist Sanskrit text ever published in Europe was the *Vajracchedikā*, or 'The Diamond Cutter,' which forms the first number [1881] of the 'Anecdota Oxoniensia.'"

In the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1880 (pp. 153-88) Prof. Max Müller edited and translated the *Sukhāvati-vyūha*; and in the same volume (pp. 286-311) the *Megha-sūtra* was edited and translated by Mr. C. Bendall, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

I am glad to be able to add that Mr. Bendall's Catalogue of the Buddhistic portion of the Cambridge collection of Sanskrit MSS. is rapidly approaching completion. W. WRIGHT.

## MISS WALLIS'S DUTCH NOVEL.

15 Leidscheplein, Amsterdam: Feb. 19, 1883.

Will you kindly allow me to draw your attention to a slight error in your notice of the Dutch novel announced for publication by Messrs. W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.? The title is not *De Geschiedenis van Helena*, but *In Dagen van Strijd*, which I have rendered by *In Troubled Times*. The mistake is a natural one, arising from Prof. Allard Pierson's highly appreciative review of the book, which deals principally with the character of the heroine, being entitled *De Geschiedenis van Helena*. I may add that "Wallis" is merely a pseudonym.

Perhaps it may interest the readers of the *ACADEMY* to know that a Dutch translation of "Aurora Leigh" is in the press. The translator, Miss Helena Mercier, finding that Mrs. Browning's noble verse did not lend itself easily to Dutch rhythm, has rendered it in prose, that her countrymen may be enabled to make acquaintance with at least the soul of our great English poetess. ELIZABETH JANE IRVING.

## A PASSAGE IN "CHRISTABEL."

London: Feb. 18, 1883.

The following paragraph, which occurs at p. 162 of Mr. Hall Caine's *Recollections of Rossetti*, states, I think, very clearly the correct interpretation of this passage:—

"In a note on this passage, Canon Dixon writes: 'What is meant is that in cliffs, actual cliffs, the action of these agents, heat, cold, thunder even, might have an obliterating power; but, in the severance of friendship, there is nothing (heat of nature, frost of time, thunder of accident or surprise) that can wholly have the like effect.'"

The word "thunder" is here used by Coleridge in its archaic or poetic sense, as in the following lines from the late Lord Hammer's well-known sonnet "The Pine Woods":—

"The thunder rolls above us, and some tree  
Smites with his bolt, yet doth the race abide."

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

## APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Feb. 26, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Starfish," by Mr. G. J. Romanes.  
7 p.m. Actuaries: "The Method used by Milne in the Construction of the Carlisle Tables of Mortality," by Mr. W. Sutton; "The Adjustment of Mortality Tables," by Mr. J. A. Higham.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Art of Coins and Medals," by Mr. R. Stuart Poole.  
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Solid and Liquid Illuminating Agents," V., by Mr. Leopold Field.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The Central Provinces of Colombia (New Granada)," by Mr. R. B. White.  
TUESDAY, Feb. 27, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Supreme Discoveries in Astronomy," II., by Prof. R. S. Ball.

8 p.m. Anthropological: "The Homological Nature of the Human Skeleton," by Mr. A. Tylor.  
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Egypt, Present and to Come," by Mr. R. W. Felkin.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Covered Service-Reservoirs," by Mr. William Morris.  
WEDNESDAY, Feb. 28, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Modern Architectural Practice—Colour," by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Increasing Destruction of Life and Property by Fire," by Mr. Cornelius Walford.

THURSDAY, March 1, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Spectroscope and its Applications," VII., by Prof. Dewar.

7 p.m. London Institution: "William Michael Balfe," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.

8 p.m. Linnean: "The Constancy of Insects in their Visits to Flowers," by Mr. Alfred W. Bennett; "Observations on Living Echinoderms," by Mr. G. J. Romanes; "Methodic Habits of Insects when frequenting Flowers," by Mr. R. Miller Christy; "Mollusca of the Challenger Expedition," by Mr. K. Boog Watson.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Telephones," by Sir Frederick Bramwell.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.  
FRIDAY, March 2, 8 p.m. Philological: "The Dialects of the North of England and the Lowlands of Scotland," by Mr. A. J. Ellis.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Agriculture in Lower Bengal," by Mr. W. S. Seton-Kerr.  
8 p.m. Carlyle.

8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Meters for Power and Electricity," by Mr. C. V. Boys.  
SATURDAY, March 3, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Singing, Speaking, Stammering," III., by Dr. Stone.

## SCIENCE.

India, What can it Teach Us? By F. Max Müller. (Longmans.)

THIS volume contains the course of lectures lately delivered by Prof. Max Müller at Cambridge on the invitation of the Board of Historical Studies at that university; and is dedicated to Prof. Cowell. One or two of the lectures have already appeared in the periodical press. The title of the volume is taken from that of the first lecture, which sets out with a protest against the fact that the study of the poetry, philosophy, laws, and arts of India should be looked upon as curious, or even considered by most people as useless and tedious, if not absurd; while the corresponding study of the poetry, philosophy, laws, and art of Greece and Rome excites even a certain enthusiasm among us, or at least commands a general respect. On the contrary, Prof. Max Müller is willing to maintain the thesis that it is precisely in India that the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions of some of them which well deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant. Or (to state the same conclusion from a different point of view) that it is precisely the literature of India from which we, who have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thoughts of Greeks and Romans and Jews, may draw that corrective which is most needed to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal—in fact, more truly human.

"Whatever sphere of the human mind you may select for your special study, whether it be language or religion or mythology or philosophy, whether it be laws or customs, primitive art or primitive science, you have to go to India, whether you like it or not, because some of the most valuable and most instructive materials in

the history of man are treasured up in India, and in India only."

It is much to be regretted that it should still be considered necessary to advance arguments which must seem, to all who know anything of the world's history, to be so self-evident as these. It may even be conceded that it is probably unnecessary to address them to anyone already sufficiently interested in historical enquiry to be likely to be influenced by them. But there is still a large class who look upon the literature of any people, not from the point of view of its value for historical purposes, but of its value as artistic writing, either absolutely, or compared with that of other nations more familiarly known. It is possible that these arguments may direct the attention of such readers of Indian literature to the other more important side of the question. There is also, alas! a still larger class who are willing to study strange languages, and the old-world beliefs they have preserved, in order merely to pass examinations, provided always that they are not expected afterwards to take any interest at all, either historical or literary, in the subject of their unwelcome but necessary tasks. If one or two, even among such, can be awakened from their lethargy, and can have their eyes opened to the pleasure they might find in their work, by the eloquent words of so high an authority as Prof. Max Müller, it will be impossible for any impatient reader to quarrel with him for occupying time with preliminary remarks that sound uncalled for in more cultivated ears. It would, indeed, be a fortunate day for any student, competitive or otherwise, on which he should have become animated by the spirit in which this first lecture is conceived.

That spirit has given the tone to much also of what follows in the rest of the book. The second lecture is directed against a feeling which is so fatal a barrier to any sympathy between Englishmen and Hindus—the prejudice that the Hindus as a race have no respect for truth. There is some ground for the prejudice—just as there was, or is, for the Frenchman's prejudice about "la perfide Albion," or for the Chinaman's opinion about "foreign devils." But those Englishmen who are best acquainted with that very large majority of the Hindus who live in their village communities remote from our modern towns and courts have been unanimous in expressing a very high opinion of their simplicity and truthfulness. I am glad to be able to add that I have had a similar experience among their relatives, the Ceylon peasantry, who are distinguished, as a whole, not only for fidelity and veracity, but also for a kindly good nature and a simple-hearted honesty certainly not excelled, if it even be equalled, among similar classes in Europe. In statistics of crime the many peoples of India and Ceylon have no reason to fear comparison with the natives of Great Britain and Ireland.

The third lecture deals with a curious variety of subjects—the vitality of the Sanskrit language, the periods of Indian literature, the transcendental tone of the Indian character, and the folly of estimating travellers' tales of modern savages as more primitive evidence than the Rig Veda of early religious belief,

The anthropologists are somewhat hard hit in these last pages. They might perhaps rejoin that the modern accounts of so-called savage beliefs are at least accessible in English or other European languages, that they see no reason for ignoring the Atharva Veda in this connexion, that there is as yet no consensus of opinion among Sanskrit scholars as to the meaning of these Vedas, and that to study them themselves would mean to give up to one pursuit all the time they can now devote to the whole field of enquiry throughout the world. But on the principal matter in dispute, the superior value of ancient evidence, and of evidence uncontaminated by filtration through a modern mind, they will find it hard to silence the battery that is here opened against them.

During the discussion earlier in the chapter on the periods of Indian literature, Prof. Max Müller introduces incidentally a new hypothesis, which he supports in an exhaustive note of nearly a hundred pages, and which is probably destined to play a great part in future discussions of the question. He maintains that there is a great gap in the literary activity of Northern India, consisting of certainly not less than four centuries—from the first century B.C. to the third century A.D.; that this was due to the invasion and conquest of the Panjab and of the Ganges valley by the Sakas or Indo-Skythians during that time; and that the period before this gap comprises only the Vedic literature and the earliest Buddhist writings, while all the so-called classical Sanskrit literature must be dated after it.

To the one half of this theory, the comparatively late date of the classical literature, there will, I apprehend, be but small and feeble opposition. It is quite true that the bulk of these works were assigned, when they were first discovered, to uncertain dates long before the Christian era. But one by one the date of each book has been put later and later, until, for instance, the so-called law book of Manu, at first supposed to have been written many centuries before Christ, is acknowledged by such scholars as Prof. Bühler and the late Dr. Burnell to have been put into its present shape no earlier at least than the fourth century after Christ. In his long and valuable note Prof. Max Müller gathers up the threads of these various enquiries, and accumulates a mass of evidence, more especially from hitherto neglected Buddhist sources, as to the late date of a considerable number of the most celebrated Sanskrit authors, and as to the existence of a real renaissance of Sanskrit literature between 400 and 700 A.D.

Of these detailed discussions one of the longest and the most interesting is that devoted to Kālidāsa, who, in the beginnings of Sanskrit studies, used to be placed, along with his patron, Vikramāditya, in the first century B.C. Dr. Bhao Dhaji had already, twenty years ago, started the bold theory that Kālidāsa was identical with a certain Mātrigupta, whom a Vikramāditya made king or viceroy of Kashmir in the sixth century of our era; and it has long been known that there are no inscriptions dated by the era of Vikrama that are really older than that time. But it was not till the publication of Mr. Fergusson's paper in the *Journal* of the Royal

Asiatic Society for 1880 that the puzzle was solved how, if Vikramāditya really lived so late, an era called after his name could have been calculated as commencing in 56 B.C. Prof. Max Müller accepts the solution which it has been reserved for the genius of Mr. Fergusson to discover. He places Vikrama and Kālidāsa in the sixth century, and goes so far as to say that Dr. Bhao Dhaji's arguments as to the identity of Kālidāsa and Mātrigupta are, at all events, very able.

There is a curious piece of evidence, not referred to either by Dr. Bhao Dhaji or by Prof. Max Müller, which I think deserves notice in this connexion. Nothing is known in India of the last years, or the place or manner of the death, of Kālidāsa. On the death of his patron, Vikramāditya, Mātrigupta resigned the throne of Kashmir, and retired into private life at Benāres. Now, at that time there was reigning in Ceylon a king named Kumāra Dasa, who was himself a celebrated scholar and poet, and the author of a Sanskrit poem, still extant, entitled *Janaki-harana*. Ceylon tradition has it that this king invited Kālidāsa to his Court; that Kālidāsa was there murdered under very romantic circumstances; and that the king, consumed with grief, threw himself on to the poet's funeral pyre and was burnt to death. I have not been able as yet to trace this tradition earlier than the *Perakum Ba Sirita*,\* a poem certainly not older than the twelfth century. But it is something that, even at that date, and in the island of Ceylon, where history is more reliable than anywhere else in India, it was believed that Kālidāsa did really live in the period in which Dr. Bhao Dhaji has placed him.

It is instructive to notice how often Buddhist writers are referred to in the course of the discussions in this long and almost exhaustive note, which is in many respects the most remarkable feature in the volume. Little by little the once despised Buddhist records, which the Professor of Sanskrit is so apt to look upon with a dislike and contempt acquired from the tone of the Brahmanical books he has chiefly studied, are beginning to take their proper place in the history of the regular development of Indian literature. The battle of the rationalistic school, whose suppression in India was one of the greatest disasters in the whole course of its history, is not yet won. No one among Sanskrit Professors has shown himself more free from this bias than Prof. Max Müller, especially of late years; and yet this book shows traces at least in not a few places of the old feeling. It may safely be predicted that, fifty years hence, no one will venture to call a series of lectures by the comprehensive title of "What can India Teach Us?" without giving due prominence to the greatest man whom India has produced, and to the most important literature, apart from the Vedas, which has arisen there. And this remark does not touch merely the broad title of the book. The hypothesis of the four centuries blank in the history of Indian

\* *Janaki-harana* = *maha kav bandi Kumara Das rada Kālidās nam kavinduhata siya div ipidi*. "The king Kumāra Dasa, who composed the great poems *Janaki-harana* and others, offered up his own life to the king of poets, Kālidāsa."



writing surely leaves out of sight the probability that it is precisely during the years included in them that the most valuable portion of the Buddhist Sanskrit literature must have first seen the light. And I do not understand Prof. Max Müller to affirm that there was any cessation of mental activity during those years. The Vedas and the Pāli Pitakas were of course studied and handed on from teacher to pupil during those years also, and it must be understood that much of the philosophical speculation and legal lore which we find recorded in later books was then being elaborated. It will rather come to be accepted, not that there was any blank, or any break of continuity, or any renaissance, but that there were three great periods in the history of ancient Indian literature—the Vedic time, the Buddhist time, and the era of the subsequent school of what may be called artistic literature.

The remaining three lectures are devoted to the consideration of selected passages or groups of passages in the Rig Veda. They are characterised by the wealth of illustration, the charm of style, the enthusiasm for his subject, and the wide learning which have made Prof. Max Müller's previously published lectures at once so attractive and so full of instruction. They give rise to only one regret, and that is that he who can deal in so masterly a manner with selected passages should not have been able to find time to write that great work on the whole Rig Veda which would have done more than anything else to remove many of those objections to its study which he still finds it necessary to deplore.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

#### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

It is now settled that Baron Nordenskiöld will sail in May on a scientific voyage to Greenland. The plan of the expedition includes an inland journey from Auleitsvikfjord of about a month's duration, and also a search on the south-east coast for the ruins of the Scandinavian colonies of the middle ages. Like the previous expeditions commanded by Baron Nordenskiöld, this also has been organised by Mr. Oscar Dickson.

SIR ARTHUR GORDON delivered last week, at the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh, two lectures on Fiji and the neighbouring Pacific groups. After giving a history of events in Fiji, he dwelt with natural satisfaction on the system of government which he himself established there, the essence of which consists in adopting and developing native institutions. By this means he gained the confidence of the people, and, without effort, increased the revenue (which is paid in kind by each village) from £16,000 to £110,000 in six years. The lecturer contrasted the enlightened action of the missionaries in Fiji with the narrow-minded and oppressive system they have established in the neighbouring Tonga, where the most harmless national customs and amusements have been suppressed, all rank and fashion, especially in church, depending on the amount of European clothes worn, and the unfortunate King being dressed up "like a monkey at a show." The Prime Minister, who is also a banker and a Wesleyan minister, calls himself on his visiting cards "Hon. and Rev." But all this, as the lecturer pointed out, is not the fault of the creed, but is simply due, like the clerical domination in the Middle Ages, to the clergy happening to have a monopoly of

intelligence and information. Sir Arthur's chief difficulties arose from the peculiar system of communal land-tenure, the European planters believing, often in good faith, that they had purchased their lands out and out, whereas it was not in the power of individual natives so to alienate it. He paid a handsome tribute to the loyal character of the ex-King Thakombau, who ceded the islands to us, and whose death has just been announced.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

As in France, so now in Belgium, a committee has been formed in support of the memorial to Charles Darwin. The treasurer is Prof. Edouard Van Beneden, of Liège.

PROF. HUXLEY will publish his Liverpool address in the March number of the *Journal of Education*, under the title of "Science and Art in Relation to Education."

ORNITHOLOGISTS will be interested to learn that a series of coloured illustrations of the birds of Australia, from drawings by the late Mr. Diggles, of Brisbane, Queensland, with descriptive letterpress, will shortly be issued here in two volumes imperial quarto. This work was published by subscription in the colony, under the title of *Companion to Gould's Handbook*, and has hitherto been unknown to English ornithologists. A few copies which remained at the author's death have passed into the hands of Mr. Quaritch.

A SERIES of manuals for medical students and practitioners, embodying the most recent discoveries, is in preparation by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co. Among the contributors are Dr. E. Klein, Mr. A. J. Pepper, Mr. Frederick Treves, Mr. Henry Power, and Dr. Charles H. Ralfe.

MESSRS. CROSBY LOCKWOOD AND Co. will publish in the autumn a book on British mining by Mr. Robert Hunt, the well-known Keeper of Mining Records. It will comprise a thoroughly practical treatise on the metalliferous mines and minerals of the United Kingdom, dealing comprehensively with the theories of mineral deposits, the history of mines, their practical working, and the prospects of British mining industry. The work will be fully illustrated.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press will, we understand, undertake the publication of a Latin Catalogue of the MSS. in the library of the monastery of Mount Sinai which has been compiled by Prof. Gardthausen, of Leipzig. These MSS. number in all upwards of thirteen hundred, including Greek, Coptic, Armenian, &c., and are of peculiar interest for students of theology and ecclesiastical history.

THE following are the contents of M. James Darmesteter's new volume of *Essais orientaux*, which we hope to review soon at length:—"The Part taken by France in the Great Discoveries of Oriental Science;" "The Supreme God in Indo-European Mythology;" "Aryan Cosmogonies;" "Essays in Mythology and Linguistics;" "Prolegomena to the History of Religions;" "A General View of the History of the Jewish People."

DR. KARL GELDNER, of Tübingen, is engaged upon a new edition of the *Zend Avesta*, which will be published, in three parts, by the Imperial Academy of Vienna.

THE reprint of *Ducange* progresses apace, the third fasciculus having just been published. No less than two hundred errors of Henschel's edition have been corrected in the three fasciculi already issued, so that the present will undoubtedly surpass all previous editions in accuracy.

AT the last meeting of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, Dr. Birch read a paper on a board with an inscription written in the hieratic character. It was in an excellent state of preservation, and was obtained by the Duke of Hamilton and Mr. M'Cullum in 1875 or 1876 at Thebes. It was taken from a mummy-pit, probably the Deir-el-Bahari, where the famous royal mummies were discovered in 1881. The inscription with which the board was covered before and behind was a duplicate of that on a similar board belonging to Rogers Bey, which was exhibited at the French International Exhibition in 1878, and subsequently published by M. Maspero in 1879. It is a declaration of the god Amen Ra about the sepulchral figures deposited with the dead for Nesi Khonsu, daughter of Than-hont-tahuti, probably one of the Royal family of Her-hor, founder of the XXIst Dynasty. The boards were both inscribed in the fifth year of a monarch, probably Her-hor; and on the sides of the door at the bottom of the mummy-pit at Deir-el-Bahari the burial of Nesi Khonsu was recorded in the same year by Khonsaufankh, priest of Amen Ra, and superintendent of the treasury.

M. HENRI WEIL has been elected a corresponding member of the Academy of St. Petersburg.

THE *Philologische Wochenschrift* for January 27 contained reviews of Mr. Monro's *Homeric Grammar* (by Dr. Clemm) and of Prof. Lewis's *Juvenal* (by Dr. Friedländer).

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—(Annual General Meeting, Saturday, Feb. 10.)

PROF. FULLER in the Chair.—The new office-holders for the year were elected as under:—President, Prof. Clifton; vice-presidents, Sir W. Thomson, Prof. G. C. Foster, Dr. J. Hopkinson, Lord Rayleigh, Prof. W. C. Roberts; secretaries, Prof. A. W. Reinold, Mr. W. Bailey; treasurer, Dr. E. Atkinson; demonstrator, Prof. F. Guthrie; other members of council, Prof. W. G. Adams, Prof. W. E. Ayton, Mr. Shellford Bidwell, Mr. W. H. M. Christie, Prof. F. Fuller, Mr. R. T. Glazebrook, Mr. R. J. Lecky, Prof. O. J. Lodge, Dr. Hugo Müller, Prof. J. Perry.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, Feb. 13.)

PROF. W. H. FLOWER, President, in the Chair.—Mr. Colquhoun read a paper on the aboriginal and other tribes of Yünnan and the Shan country. He first dwelt upon the races of the South China borderlands. Between Canton and Nan-ning (one of the important towns on the Si-Kiang in Kwang-si) the inhabitants met with were pure Chinese. West of that, to the Yünnan frontier, a mixed population on the river and aboriginal tribes in the interior were found. Throughout Yünnan the chief population consists of Shans disguised under a great variety of tribal names. Lo-lo and Miao-tzu aborigines were met with, as well as Tibetans under the name of Kutsung. On the west side of Yünnan, Mahomedans are numerous, presumably the remains of the armies of Genghis Khan. The costumes are most varied and picturesque; and the Shans and all the aboriginal people are kind, frank, and hospitable. In these respects, and in their feet being uncursed, they offer a great contrast to the Chinese. Beside the tribes met with, Mr. Colquhoun pointed out that there were in the North and North-west Yünnan, as well as in Ssu-chuan, four divisions—namely, Li-ssü, Moro, Sifan, and Mantzu. A great similarity of language exists between the Lo-lo, Li-ssü, Sifan, and Burmese. The large area over which the Shan population is distributed was pointed out, and the habitat of the Kamas and Lawas. The paper was illustrated with part of a collection of admirable photographs and sketches made during Mr. Colquhoun's late exploration, shown by the oxy-hydrogen light. These form a portion of the illustrations which will appear in Mr. Colquhoun's forthcoming book.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, Feb. 15.)

EDWIN FRESHFIELD, Esq., V.-P., in the Chair.—Mr. Robt. Brown read a paper upon the gryphon, tracing the history of the myth from Aristæus of Proconnesus and Herodotus down to Albertus Magnus and Sir John Mandeville, who locates the animal in Bactria instead of Scythia. The object of the paper was to show that the gryphon, whose heraldic colour is *or*, is connected with the sun, as the unicorn, whose colour is *argent*, is connected with the moon. He symbolises vigilance and strength, and is not an evil beast like the dragon, one of the powers of darkness. As unicorns' horns (really narwhals' snouts) were believed to have a protective influence against poison, so the gryphons' claws (*i.e.*, rhinoceros horns) were mounted as cups, and credited with the same virtue. Mr. Brown described many of the artistic representations of gryphons, especially those found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, and those on Athene's helmet and in Etruscan wall-paintings. Specimens of its introduction in ancient English art, apart from heraldry, are the horn of Ulfus at York Minster and a Miserere seat at Beverley Minster. In the former instance a gryphon guards a sacred tree, together with a lion, a unicorn, and a winged wolf. On another Miserere seat is seen the unicorn laying his head on a maiden's lap—a temptation which he was said to be unable to resist, and which was the only method of capturing him.—The Hon. H. A. Dillon exhibited two lengths of a Roman clay water-pipe, one fitting into the other, from Shershell, in Algeria, the Julia Caesaræa of the Romans.

## HELLENIC SOCIETY.—(Thursday, Feb. 15.)

PROF. C. T. NEWTON in the Chair.—Mr. Cecil Smith gave a detailed account, based on Prof. Benndorf's official report, of the remarkable friezes discovered in the Heröon at Ejölbashi, and now in the museum at Vienna. Prof. Benndorf saw, both in the choice of subjects and in the workmanship, indications of Athenian influence. Several of the compositions appeared to him to recall well-known paintings of Polygnotus. On the whole, it seemed probable that the work might be referred to Athenian artists, subject to the influence of barbaric ideas, and to the period immediately preceding the age of Alexander.—The Chairman was inclined to attribute the work rather to native artists, possibly following Athenian designs, but urged that positive judgment should be deferred till casts of some of the slabs should reach England.—Mr. Wroth read a paper on a statue found at Cyrene, which has been attributed to Aristæus, but which the writer brought arguments to show was more probably an Asklepios, of a beardless type not hitherto known.—The Chairman thought that Mr. Wroth had made out a good case, but could not regard it as conclusive. It was even possible that the statue might be an Apollo.—In closing the proceedings, Mr. Newton expressed a hope that the example of the Austrian expedition to Lycia, which had been equipped by private contributions, might soon be followed in England. He mentioned that he had had a small sum put at his disposal for explorations in Cyprus—a peculiarly available field, which had already yielded valuable results. If a further sum of £50 could be placed in his hands, these explorations could be carried on to good purpose. He would be grateful for any contributions that might be sent either to himself at the British Museum, or to Mr. George Macmillan, 29 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

## FINE ART.

MR. BIRKET FOSTER'S DRAWINGS of the CATHEDRAL CITIES of ENGLAND and WALES will be ON VIEW, during MARCH and APRIL, at Messrs. DOWDESWELL'S, 135, NEW BOND STREET.

PICTURESQUE NATURE by LAND and SEA.—A Series of OUTDOOR SKETCHES and DRAWINGS by MR. JOHN MOGFORD will also be ON VIEW, during MARCH and APRIL, at Messrs. DOWDESWELL'S, 135, NEW BOND STREET.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Oils), hand-somely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

*Cecil Lawson: a Memoir.* By Edmund W. Gosse. (Fine Art Society.)

It is seldom that so prompt honour has been

done to the memory of young genius as in the case of the late Cecil Lawson. It is but seven months since he died; and here, while the interesting exhibition of his collected works at the Grosvenor Gallery is sharing the "talk of the town" with the Rossetti exhibition at Burlington House, we have a memoir of him published in a style of unusual luxury, written by an accomplished "artist in words," and illustrated by two painters and etchers of distinction.

The handsome young face which looks out on us from the frontispiece—a forcible example of "dry-point" by Mr. Hubert Herkomer—has an intent but dreamy expression, as of a man whose steady regard was concerned with something more than the mere vision of the moment. It is a serious, but not sad, face; and, except from its entire lack of self-assertion, it agrees well with what Mr. Gosse tells us of the personal and artistic character of the painter of "The Minister's Garden." Cecil Lawson's life was uneventful, as the lives of artists absorbed by their profession usually are; and Mr. Gosse's material does not seem to have been of embarrassing richness. What he has to tell is, however, of some interest, and is set forth with all the skill of a brilliant *littérateur*.

"At four years," writes Mr. Gosse, "he achieved what has been described to me as a really articulate and intelligible imitation in oils of Clarkson Stanfield's 'Dutch Mill.'" At the age of six a playful suggestion by a lady that he should paint her portrait was taken by him in earnest, and she had to "sit" for an hour and a-half while he painted in silence.

"Tired to death of this unexpected penance, his sitter racked her brains to think of any decent diversion, and at last, asking him to ring the bell, ordered the servant to 'bring up some cake and ginger wine for the little gentleman.' Whereupon the little gentleman rose in stately wrath, said that he thanked her, but he never took anything before his lunch, and departed with his picture in a twitter of polite indignation."

In 1861 (when ten years old) he went to "a dame's school" in London, and, when disgraced for his ignorance, fetched

"a canvas bigger than himself, and, staggering forward, with the work in question projected at the dame, stupefied her by enquiring whether she thought she ought to talk in that way to a boy who could paint so large a picture."

But Lawson soon "took his education into his own hands," and spent his days sketching at Hampstead. From fifteen to seventeen he painted "minute and careful studies of fruit and flowers, &c.," which were often resold by the dealers with the initials of William Hunt forged upon them—of course without his knowledge. Some of these were sent to the Royal Academy and rejected.

At the end of 1869 he commenced a study of Dutch and English landscape-painters in the National Gallery, which was continued throughout 1870, in which year his "Cheyne Walk" was accepted by the Royal Academy. The next year two of his pictures were hung on the line; and "Frederick Walker, who had just been elected an A.R.A., impressed upon his colleagues the tragical force and beauty of 'The River in Rain,' and a chorus of praise

rewarded the young painter for his earnest work." This success was delusive. In 1872 his "Lament" was "skied;" and either this year or the next "a magnificent picture, the first of his great scenic landscapes," was rejected. As this "Hymn to Spring" has not been exhibited, Mr. Gosse's description of it is specially interesting.

"It is a work which, one cannot but hope, may one day adorn the national collection. It has the fullness and richness of young work, with a little of the heaviness also. The painter has not known where to stop in his generous ambition. The spectator stands rather high up, and gazes down, across a superb foreground of bushy, sappy green foliage into a wild campaign, and out upon a delicate blue expanse of distance. Across a blue sky of intense depth and luminosity apple-boughs are drawn like a curtain. The central point of the picture is a young medlar-tree covered with pale blossom, and this slender and graceful object attracts the eye at once by its feminine and virginal beauty, and seems to be the young laughing genius of spring herself. A dove flies towards the medlar-tree through the coloured atmosphere. In the foreground a strongly painted mass of juicy leaves and coarse yellow flowers supplies the contrast needed by the faint and vanishing distance. It is a day when the earth is jocund, when 'heavy Saturn laughs and leaps with him.' All the rich foliage, every winding stream and pregnant cloud, seems to chant its homage to the image of spring, to the pure and rosy medlar-tree that quivers under its burden of living garlands."

In 1874 Lawson went abroad for the first time. He visited Holland, Belgium, and France, but without influencing his art. Of him, at this time, Mr. Gosse says:

"His failure to please the public merely gave him a certain arrogance of attitude towards those who neglected to understand what he was doing. He had never been a very sociable man except in the inner circle of his family friends, and now he became, if anything, more isolated. Since Pinwell had been in fading health, he had not felt drawn to any other artist. He was not the social warbler of the easel who enjoys nothing so much as a gregarious flight of his kind to Henley or to Bettws-y-coed. For good or evil, it must be confessed that Cecil Lawson was sometimes cold to those who sought his familiar companionship. As in appearance he possessed a strange look of Keats, so in character he had something of that strenuous poet's determination to take life seriously and go his own way."

In 1874 he settled at Wrotham, and painted his fine picture of the "Hop Gardens of England," which was rejected by the Royal Academy in 1875 but hung in a good place the next year. This work is represented by the line-engraving by Mr. J. Saddler and an etching by Mr. Herkomer. The latter reproduces with great sympathy the "idea" of the composition, and is of rare interest if we rightly understand that it was while engaged upon the picture of the "Hop Gardens" that the two artists formed a friendship which lasted till Lawson's death. The rest of Lawson's artistic life, from the great success at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878, will be too fresh in the memory of our readers to need notice now. His fame appears to have excited him overmuch. His health began to fail, and the needed rest was rendered impossible by his marriage in the summer of 1879. In December 1881 he broke



down; went to the Riviera, where he painted "On the Road to Monaco;" came back most imprudently in March, and died on June 10, 1882, in his house in Cheyne Walk, next door to Rossetti.

These are all, or nearly all, the facts revealed to us by Mr. Gosse of the short life of Cecil Lawson, and the work closes with an eloquent quotation from Mr. J. Comyns Carr. As a memoir it is disappointing; but the record of Lawson's life is in his pictures, and the volume is a rare instance of how a young genius can be appreciated and his memory cherished by his peers both in his own art and the sister art of literature. Although the wood-cuts are unequal, some are very good, and others are the only records available of the arduous labour which Lawson for a few years undertook for the illustration of current literature. Of Mr. Whistler's etching the same may be said as of all his work, that it is "as good as far as it goes." It is characteristic that he should have chosen an unfinished picture for interpretation, and that this interpretation should be as "terse" as possible. His little slight etching is nevertheless a taste, and a piquant taste, of "his quality." To those who wish to see the very hand of Lawson himself, the most satisfactory plate in the volume is a facsimile of the beautiful crayon drawing of "The Maid was in the Garden." COSMO MONKHOUSE.

#### THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

UNLIKE the exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, which we reviewed a fortnight ago, the present display of the Royal Scottish Academy contains not a single important example of Continental work; but the present state of Scottish art receives very complete exposition, the members of the Academy, in particular, showing several unusually notable figure-pieces, and many of the younger painters giving evidence of marked progress and increasing powers, while the London studios send contributions of uncommon number and interest. From Mr. Orchardson comes an unexhibited picture, "The Farmer's Daughter," probably the most refined and satisfying subject in the whole exhibition. It shows a girl feeding pigeons, and leaning backwards in a finely chosen and graceful attitude as she regards with smiling face the bird that perches on her arm. The picture is distinguished by all the delicate colouring and the spirited draughtsmanship which give a clear individuality to the work of this artist. From Mr. Tadema also there comes a picture that has just left his studio—the portrait of a lilac-clad girl in a conservatory, holding a bronze vase of white flowers. Here, too, the scheme of colour is very harmonious and skilful, with more of elaboration and more of force than is visible in the former subject; while the rich olive tints of the lustrous-eyed face are given with a truth and beauty of flesh-painting to be found only in Mr. Tadema's more recent works, as very notably in "The Tepidarium" of the present Grosvenor Gallery exhibition. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Phryne at Eleusis," Mr. MacWhirter's "Grave of Ossian," Mr. Pettie's "Eugene Aram," and various subjects by Messrs. Thomas and John Faed are already familiar to the London art public.

The President of the Academy shows two figure-pictures, of which the more important is "Benvenuto Cellini," painted in 1856, showing that admirable power of rendering

still-life in which Sir Fettes Douglas is without a rival among Scottish artists. Mr. George Reid is represented by a large and impressive picture of "The Last Sleep of Savonarola," by several portraits, including those of Sir Fettes Douglas, Dr. Alexander Bain, of Aberdeen, and a small cabinet-sized head of the late Dr. John Brown, author of *Rab and his Friends*; and by a view of "Loch Skene," excellently expressive of the desolation and loneliness of this wild, upland tarn. In "Gil Blas and the Licentiate Sedillo" Mr. Lockhart treats one of his favourite Spanish subjects with his accustomed splendour, and force of colour, and humorous truth of character-painting. "The Last Voyage" of Mr. Robert Gibb depicts with much care of execution the funeral barge of a dead warrior, and Mr. Herdman paints with considerable dramatic power a "Scene from the Life of St. Columba."

In the department of landscape with figures Mr. W. D. McKay, the Academician-elect, has several scenes of rustic labour and rustic rest which prove the artist to be worthy of his recent honours. Mr. Robert MacGregor, in "Crossing Holy Island Sands" and "A Heavy Load," exhibits schemes of quiet and harmonious tonality which closely approximate to foreign methods; and Mr. McTaggart, in three or four vigorous coast scenes, renders the colour and form of waves with a power which enables his works to do more than hold their own against the fresh and delightful "Tanning Nets" of Mr. Hook, which hangs near them in the Great Room. Messrs. Alex. Fraser, Beattie Brown, J. Smart, Waller Paton, G. W. Johnston, and the other leading landscapists are fully represented. Mr. D. Farquharson shows an extended view of the "Links of Forth;" Mr. Lawton Wingate has several small but brilliant and vigorous subjects, while a few portraits show a fresh departure in his art; and "My Love is gone a-sailing" is an important example of the fascinating and original colouring of Mr. David Murray, and of his skill in rendering vaporous cloud effects.

Notable portraits come from Messrs. Herdman, James Irvine, Norman Macbeth, John Lorimer, and Robert Gibb; and, in the girl's portrait entitled "Mary," a younger artist, Mr. Raeburn Macbeth, achieves a success for which we were prepared by his likeness of a velvet-clad child exhibited last year. The works of sculpture include Mr. W. Calder Marshall's "Cinderella," Mr. Clark Stanton's "Pandora," and portrait busts by Messrs. John Hutchison, D. W. Stevenson, and C. McBride.

J. M. GRAY.

#### MR. WHISTLER'S EXHIBITION.

A CERTAIN "Sigismund," the proverb tells us, was "above grammar," and Mr. Whistler is equally above criticism. At least it is this that is implied in the elaborate joke just played by the vivacious artist of "arrangement" and "nocturne." Mr. Whistler has on view at the Fine Art Society's some half-a-hundred etchings; but it was not to see these only that he invited his friends, and many fine people besides, last Saturday. In the laudable effort for a new sensation, he had been engaging in literature; and a grave servant, dressed in yellow and white (to suit the temporary decoration of the walls during the show), pressed into the hands of those who had come in all innocence to see the etchings a pamphlet in which Mr. Whistler's arrangements had extended to an arrangement of critics. For this the Fine Art Society was in no way responsible. By the simple process of applying snippets of published sentences to works of art to which the original comments were never meant to

have reference, and sometimes, too, by lively misquotation—as when a writer who "did not wish to under-state" Mr. Whistler's merit is made to say he "did not wish to understand" it—Mr. Whistler had counted on good-humouredly confounding criticism. He has entertained, but not per-suaded; and if his literary efforts with the scissors and the paste-pot might be taken with any seriousness we should have to rebuke him for his feat. But we are far from doing so. He desired, it seems, to say that he and Velasquez were both above criticism. An artist in literature would have said it in fewer words; but indulgence may fairly be granted to the less assured methods of an amateur in authorship who is so engaging an artist in etching.

To the etchings, then. And, in spite of the humorous misrepresentations of that long-drawn joke, the pamphlet we have spoken of, no critic who has considered etchings at all will find these without merit. Mr. Whistler has painted more than one nocturne, more than one portrait, which are very generally deemed to be disastrous failures. But no one has said that his etchings are failures as a whole; it has been allowed, on the contrary, that, from the "Liverdun" or the "Marchande de Moutarde" of a quarter-of-a-century ago down to the little "Putney" of the day before yesterday, his etchings are the brilliant successes of a sharply defined personality. Of course they are not all of equal merit. Is it likely that they could be, seeing, firstly, that there are so many of them; and, secondly, that it is, after all, upon our common earth, and not upon Olympus, that Mr. Whistler's feet unwillingly trail? It is painful, perhaps, to find that the imperfections of a humanity, to which (even with the purest aspirations to avoid it) James Whistler can hardly fail to belong, attend certain of his works. But our own view of these imperfections is a lenient one. Some of them, indeed, are but the necessary *défautes* of his *qualités*. Others are failings which we cannot love, but which we easily forgive. Of these the most conspicuous is his strange inaccuracy in the draughtsmanship of the figure. He is not at all without a feeling—nay, we think he has even a remarkable feeling—for the grace of the figure. "Fanny Leyland" shows it, and a "Draped Figure" shows it; and delightful little dry-points these accordingly are. But sense of proportion seems sometimes to be lacking to Mr. Whistler; and has he ever worked quite hard enough at the figure to give himself the chance of rivalling in correctness the drawings of Ingres and of Legros? We name purposely two modern men, and men of opposite temperaments. Ingres is sometimes chilly; but for accuracy—well, we have been told that it requires an Athenian tribunal to judge him. Legros is sometimes, if one may say so, almost unduly impulsive, yet how much of learning and restraint and control before his hand could have produced, with the serene patience of assured strength, those rare figure-drawings of which a few are in London, and two of the very finest in the museum of Dijon.

But, putting aside the question of Mr. Whistler's deficiencies—which, in the presence of his qualities, do not trouble us very much—let us say a word upon the merits of his etchings generally. It is one of the virtues of etching to seem to be spontaneous, and Mr. Whistler is never laboured. If he does not draw the figure accurately, he can draw it expressively. And if the emotional element is lacking to his art—and, being "never literary," he is likewise never dramatic—he is a keen observer and a vivacious chronicler of things that are commonplace only to commonplace people. He is a triumphant student of the combinations of definite lines, and of

picturesque juxtapositions of shadow and light. His art is, of course, absolutely unconventional; he is afraid of no new theme; and he rejoices in the sense of movement, perhaps, more than in the sense of repose. These different qualities, employed at their best, in moments of blithe activity and of well-controlled power, have allowed him to give us the wonderful etchings of London scenes "below Bridge" executed now more than twenty years ago. After these, the Venetian etchings—or some of them, at all events—may be a little disappointing. But part of the disappointment which the first Venetian series may have occasioned would be attributable to wrong expectation as to what Venice could offer to the etching needle of Mr. Whistler. The more elaborate record of beautiful architecture—of the masterpieces of Byzantine art and of Venetian Gothic—was really rather a work for others than for this vivacious and piquant American. But the turn of a canal, the movement of passing folk in the crowded byways, the effect of sunlight on the greenery of the garden, and of shadow in the depth of the doorway, were for him very much; and it is chiefly these that his newer etchings record.

Many of the second Venetian series are of finer quality than some in the first; and, if their themes have been chosen with greater audacity, they have been executed with a more curious skill. As years pass, an artist's methods change, and their diversity does not necessarily imply that one is inferior to the other. They change the least, perhaps, in the case of artists whom the dealers have pounced upon, and fettered and paid, seeing in their work only a limited speciality, and demanding that, and that only to the end of the chapter. But no criticism that is worth the name can commend so dull a constancy, or withhold its sympathy from the genius of experiment. And—not caring to enquire too precisely which among the etchings is the best—we, for our part, should be content to place to-day's "Garden," to-day's "Dyer," and to-day's "Fishing-Boat" by the side of the "Black Lion Wharf" and the "Thames Police" of more than twenty years ago. When Mr. Whistler meets Velasquez in the Realm of the Blest—that Velasquez in whose reputation he is so kindly interested—and Velasquez, ignoring Gainsborough, Vandyke, and, it may be, Rembrandt and Méryon, with other such small fry, deserts and welcomes Mr. Whistler, let Mr. Whistler be provided not with the portrait of Henry Irving as Philip, but with his Thames and his Venetian etchings, in their finest states. For Velasquez, hitherto in sorry company, must be duly considered; and there must be nothing to dash his happiness in that supreme moment when equals meet.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

British Museum: Feb. 21, 1883.

I write to give you fuller particulars of M. Naville's discovery, briefly announced in to-day's papers.

On reaching Cairo, M. Naville consulted with M. Maspero as to the best place for beginning exploration for our Fund. M. Maspero recommended the mound called "Tell-el-Maschuta," which your readers will be aware is in the "Wadi et-Tumilat," on the line of the Sweet Water Canal, between Ismailia and Tell-el-Kebir. On this hint, M. Naville examined the few objects in the Boolak Museum which had been found on this spot. From these he learnt that the sacred name of the place, as also that of its chief temple, was Pe-tum or Pithom. This name was common to several towns, such as Heliopolis; but M. Naville, with a true archæo-

logical instinct, conjectured that an important Pithom in the position of Tell-el-Maschuta must be the city of that name built by the Israelites. This supposition encouraged him to attack Tell-el-Maschuta. His first results were disappointing. The site seemed, with its thick crude brick walls, to reveal a fort rather than a town, and the sacred buildings did not appear to have covered a large area; yet it may be remembered that the Septuagint renders the "treasure-cities," or better "store-cities," of Exod. i. 11 by "strong cities." The progress of excavation, however, soon led to results of which the historical importance cannot be exaggerated. I quote M. Naville's letter from Tell-el-Maschuta under date February 12, 1883:—

"I have a good piece of news to begin with. Tell-el-Maschuta is Pithom; or, in other words, the temple of Tum in the city or region of Thuku, which Dr. Brugsch has identified with Succoth. You remember that in one of my last letters I told you that it seemed to be very likely; now I can give it for certain from the inscription of a statue belonging to a priest of the temple. I consider it an important fact to have been able to establish the site of one of the Biblical cities."

The juxtaposition of Pithom and Succoth identifies the site beyond doubt. On referring to Dr. Brugsch's *Dictionnaire géographique*, it will be seen that Pithom was the sacred name, I would rather say temple-name, of "Thuku at the entrance of the East." This special designation well describes the position in the Wady et-Tumilat.

The historical importance of Pithom is not limited to its identification with the strong city of Exod. i. 11. As Succoth, it fixes the site of the first encampment on the route of the exodus (Exod. xii. 37, xiii. 20), the starting-point being Rameses, the sister town (not the modern station of that name).

Let us look for a moment at the consequences of this discovery. In the first place, we have found the very walls on which the enslaved Hebrews worked. We may reasonably hope soon to gain some positive evidence of the dates of the oppression and the exodus. Significant as is the determination of the site of any Bible city of remote age, the fixing of Succoth on the map is exceptionally important. It is the first step towards delineating the route of the exodus. We must bring down Dr. Brugsch's Land of Succoth some thirty miles to the south; and, though the rest of the journey to and from Succoth be still obscure, we have at last a fixed point, limiting this obscurity, and suggesting not mere hypotheses, but what the illustrious geographer of Egypt cries out for in his History—more exploration.

I cannot conclude this hurried letter without a word of regret that shortness of time has prevented my handing the duty to my co-secretary, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, whose exceptional fitness will be familiar to your readers from her valuable contributions to this very subject in your columns and those of *Knowledge*. The whole credit of our success is due to her, to Sir Erasmus Wilson, and to M. Naville.

REGINALD STUART POOLE,  
Hon. Sec. Egypt Exploration Fund.

#### VANDALISM AT BOLOGNA.

London: Feb. 19, 1883.

I read with interest the letter you printed last week from Miss A. B. Edwards's friend, and referred to my catalogue of the Bologna Pinacoteca that I might compare notes I made last May with those you have printed. I find that mine agree exactly with the latter, except that the Francia No. 80 is not noted by me as spoiled—so that I fear the damage has been done since May last—and that I have marked the Francia No. 372 as "much injured by cleaning;" the others I have marked as ruined

by cleaning and repainting. The "St. Cecilia" I remember to have been offensively "shiny," owing to a fresh coat of varnish; but this toilet is made pretty frequently, I imagine, for in April 1872 I found a humble artist at work on it with a varnish brush. The rouging mentioned by Miss Edwards's correspondent is an insult added since my last visit.

As to the probability of securing the pictures for our National Gallery, I fear there is none. The Sindaco is charged with the custody of the gallery, but I fancy the municipality has no power of sale or even of exchange. Such a matter would be one for the "Royal Commission of Fine Arts," the same which is busy destroying most that is destructible in the beauty of the buildings and pictures belonging to the Governments—national and local—of Italy, and whose definite policy it is to keep tight hold of its victims.

But have we any right to complain? Do we come into court with clean hands? Why do you head the letter about Italy with "Vandalism at Bologna," and refrain from "calling names" in connexion with the immediately preceding communication—that about Westminster Abbey? J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

At the annual dinner of the Royal Scottish Academy on February 17, the following representatives of the Royal Academy were present:—Messrs. Calder Marshall, T. Faed, Pettie, Orchardson, and MacWhirter. In his speech, Mr. Marshall took occasion to state that the Royal Academy intend to build two new rooms—one for water-colours, which, in size, will be the second largest in Burlington House; and the other for architectural drawings and engravings. He also stated that the pupils now on the books of the Academy number about four hundred, and that the annual expenditure on this head is about £5,000.

MR. HERKOMER has taken advantage of his visit to New York to paint a scene that will recall some of his most successful pictures. This is a large group of immigrants, German and Irish, at Castle Garden.

SIR COUTTS LINDSAY has accepted the appointment of annual president of the Sunday Society, in succession to Viscount Powerscourt. As usual, the present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery will be opened some Sunday to members of the society; but it has been decided that there shall be no Sunday opening to the public this year, from apprehension lest the exceptionally valuable pictures should be damaged through overcrowding.

WE understand that the De Vos collection of drawings is coming into the market. This is probably the finest collection of Old Masters' drawings now existing in Holland; and its sale, which is expected to take place at Amsterdam, is an event which collectors will watch with interest. Though richest in the Dutch masters, and especially in Rembrandts, it includes the designs of some of the greater Italians; and among other noticeable and important work there is known to be a Rafael of high value. Mr. De Vos was an aged collector, who died in Amsterdam some two or three years ago; and his widow has now followed him.

THE illuminated MS. of the Pentateuch in the Ashburnham Collection, which is described in another column, is to be reproduced in facsimile. There will be twenty folio plates—one a chromolithograph, the rest phototypes—which will be published in a portfolio, with descriptive letter-press by Dr. Oscar von Gebhardt. Subscriptions are received by Messrs. Asher.



MR. J. T. NETTLESHIP has on his easel two very fine lion and tiger pictures as companions to his pathetic "Death in the Desert" of last year. The first represents a powerful lion, blind with cataract, on the edge of a precipice, feeling his way with his left paw, while a pack of hyaenas waits at his side and behind him to make a meal of him when his end comes. A sunset sky on the horizon marks, with its blood-red, after Turner's manner, the coming doom. The feeling of this picture is very fine. The second picture shows two tigers who have been fighting for a tigress. One lies dead at the feet of his victor, who stands proudly beside him, with the tigress, his trophy, by his side. The background of Indian forest trees and the blood-red flowers on the earth are from careful studies made in India. Some small paintings, in different stages of forwardness, lie about Mr. Nettleship's studio. The most pathetic of these is that of a Scotch mother dying on the snow, her arms round her boy, whom she has wrapped in her plaid. Under her left arm a fine chestnut collie has poked his head, and is licking the boy's face; while above, on the left, is a black collie looking eagerly towards his master, the husband and father, who is coming hastily to his dear ones whom his faithful dogs have found. Another weird, moonlight picture shows a black leopard glaring at a coiled-up snake at the side of the road.

THE March number of the *Antiquary* will contain an article on "Roman Coins," by Mr. H. A. Grueber, of the British Museum.

THE Council of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland have appointed the Rev. Dr. J. Collingwood Bruce, of Newcastle, to be the next Rhind Lecturer. The course will be delivered at Edinburgh in October; and the subject is "The Roman Occupation of Britain."

THE works which Mr. Fulleylove has ready for exhibition at the new galleries of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colour, when that exhibition shall open in April, are a short series of drawings—some three or four—from a fresh field. Mr. Fulleylove was last summer at Versailles; and in the palatial gardens of Louis Quatorze, where, in the view of some, art is most debased, and where, at all events, Nature is most artificial, he has found admirable themes. So comprehensive a student of architecture, however much he may prefer Italian Gothic or the true Italian Renaissance, is unable to see without some interest and admiration even the gorgeous impurities of the style of Louis XIV. And the most sympathetic draughtsman of the gardens of the Boboli and the Medicis has portrayed with admirable art the gardens of Versailles, which, in fountain and vista, have at least their own charm of quaint form and noble spaciousness. Nor has Mr. Fulleylove forgotten that he is a colourist, and that his vision of architecture must be even more that of the pictorial artist than of the accurate draughtsman. The works will at the least sustain a reputation already considerable among artistic students of contemporary work.

MESSRS. AGNEW's collection of water-colours at the Old Bond Street Gallery is, as usual, well worth a visit. There is Turner's "Criccieth Castle" from the *England and Wales* series, with its remarkably fine sky, besides a beautiful unfinished drawing called "A Bridge," and the vignette, very much faded and false in colour, of "The Temptation." It is, however, as an opportunity to examine an unusual number of fine De Wints that the exhibition is most worthy of the attention of art students. "A Low Tide" is a noteworthy example of Copley Fielding, and there are some fine drawings by David Cox. A nice little bit of Verona, by Bonington, is, perhaps, the most interesting of the remaining works by deceased artists. Of

living men the specimens are numerous and good; but, as there are so many other opportunities of mentioning their work, we shall only call attention to two fine drawings of Harpignies, whose genius is too little known in England.

BESIDES the article on "M. Gambetta as an Amateur of Art," mentioned in our last number, the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* contains an interesting account of a portrait of a young man in the collection of Prince Czartoryski that has always been attributed to Raphael. M. S. H. Fraser brings forward strong evidence, however, to show that this is a portrait by Palma Vecchio of himself, and is the one of which Vasari speaks so enthusiastically, calling it a thing "stupendous" and "perfect," so that, "if Palma had died immediately after painting it, his fame would have surpassed all the divine painters of his age." It has been supposed that the Czartoryski portrait, which represents a very beautiful youth with flowing hair, was a portrait of Francesco della Rovere; but a writer in the *Chronique* proves that it cannot be meant for della Rovere, for, in the authentic portrait of that despot by Titian, now in the Uffizi, the eyes are blue, whereas in the Czartoryski portrait they are hazel. Altogether, M. Fraser makes out a good case, and may be congratulated on having distinguished a masterwork of Venetian art in a picture that was probably only assigned to Raphael on account of its rare beauty.

WE are glad to see in last week's *L'Art* an appreciative notice of Gustave Doré, for many art journals, both in France and England, have given him but scanty recognition. Yet, although it may be that he never attained full mastery over any of the many branches of art he practised, his marvellous fertility of invention and power of projecting the images of his imagination upon paper or canvas were the gifts of a truly creative artist, whose works, with all their faults, are worth more than the commonplace reminiscences and accurate studies of many more perfect masters. M. Hustin, who writes of Doré in *L'Art*, relates how, as a school-boy, his master, when lecturing on any great historical character, used to ask young Doré to draw the subject of his lecture, so that the students might have a better idea of it. His drawings, also, were often accepted in lieu of written compositions. One of his last works was of the same description. The committee for the erection of a statue to Alexandre Dumas were in despair over the mediocre designs sent in. Someone went to Doré: "You, who have the devil's own imagination," he said, "can you help us?—just a project or sketch of some sort." "Nothing more easy," answered Doré; and the next morning he sent in his design for the Dumas monument, which was received with acclaim as being the veritable presentment of the great novelist. Doré then asked to be allowed to execute it himself, at his own expense, and he was employed in superintending the casting of it when death came to him.

## MUSIC.

### OBITUARY.

RICHARD WAGNER.

"RICHARD WAGNER died at four o'clock yesterday afternoon at Venice." Such was the brief telegram which appeared in the daily papers of February 14. Only a few weeks ago the musical public were informed that on the last day of last year the illustrious composer conducted a performance of a symphony written by himself half-a-century ago. Strange indeed does it seem that during the last few days of his life he should have been occupied with one of his earliest productions. Mention is made of the performance of this symphony at the Gewandhaus in the *Allgemeine musikalische*

*Zeitung* for February 13, 1833; and on that same day fifty years later its author passed away suddenly from the scene of his many struggles and, we may add, his many successes. "Death," says Goethe, "always presents itself as an incredible and unexpected event." Wagner was within a few months of the period allotted by the Psalmist to man, but was active and energetic; he had only recently been busy with the production of "Parsifal" at Baireuth, and, according to report, was writing a new work, so that the news of his death, if not incredible, was certainly most unexpected. When in the year 1844 Weber's remains were taken from London to Dresden, Wagner made a speech at the grave in which occurs this sentence: "We know neither death nor decay; only bloom and prosperity." We may say the same over Wagner's grave; the man dies, but the artist lives. Now that he is removed from us, friends and foes will form a clearer judgment of the art-theories which he sought to establish, and of the musical dramas which illustrate these theories; the good seed sown will bear fruit, while the tares of any exaggerated enthusiasm or foolish prejudice created by the spell of the master's presence or by the vehemence of his zeal will be burned in the fire-flames of honest and enlightened criticism.

Wagner's position with regard to his great predecessor Beethoven has often been misstated, and, consequently, misunderstood. "Beethoven's last symphony," says Wagner in his writings, "seemed to me like a limit of a great epoch in art, beyond which no one could pass, and within which no one could attain independence." That limit Wagner did not pass, nor even attempt to pass. He thought that the last word in instrumental music had been spoken, and aimed at a new art-form. Painting, poetry, and music were to lend one another a helping hand; and from the combination of these arts was to arise the musical drama, the art-work of the future. A tree is known by its fruits; and the works which Wagner has left behind him speak for themselves. "Tristan and Isolde" and "Der Ring des Nibelungen," the two music-dramas in which he has exemplified to the utmost his theories, are the works upon which depends the future of music and of art generally. Now they are only accepted by a small minority, but that is no argument against their value and importance; for the world has always been slow to recognise any new departure, whether in art, science, or religion. We may serve two masters: Beethoven's symphonies have not been surpassed by anything that Wagner has written; and sympathy with Wagner does not in the least imply disrespect towards Beethoven. Wagner, inspired by the ninth symphony and by "Euryanthe," gave his mind entirely to dramatic music, and his opinion with regard to instrumental music must be received with caution. Music is comparatively a modern art; and it is surely a bold thing to say that forms created and developed by the great classical writers no longer serve any useful purpose, and must be cast aside. It is difficult, not to say impossible, for us to imagine instrumental music grander than the sonatas or symphonies of Beethoven, but musicians should not despair because of the greatness of their predecessors. Beethoven himself, but for his genius, might have thought it impossible ever to equal Mozart in the province of the sonata, quartett, and symphony.

The artistic career of Wagner has been an extraordinary one. His active mind was never at rest. Indeed, he said himself "that the Norn deposited on his cradle the discontented spirit that ever seeks the new." His whole life was one of progress; and it is impossible to trace the development of his genius from the brilliant "Rienzi," produced at Dresden forty-

one year ago, down to the mystic "Parsifal," performed only last year at Baireuth, without perceiving that he was a man of extraordinary ability, untiring energy, and noble ambition. He had before him an ideal which constantly spurred him on to fresh efforts; the number of his works, and the individual character of each one, are truly astonishing. The "Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin" have long been favourites in this country; and from the reception given to his later works—"Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," and the "Ring des Nibelungen"—last year in London there is every reason to suppose that, if frequently performed, they would meet with equal, if not with still greater, favour. "Tristan" is a work that requires close attention; the composer put forth his full strength while writing it; and it must ever remain an enigma to those who will not seek to fathom its mysteries; without careful and prolonged study, one can neither appreciate its merits nor enjoy its beauties. Wagner, during his whole life, aimed at dramatic truth, and, in carrying out his ideas, abolished gradually the existing forms of opera; his works are not, as some maintain, "without form," but the form is one of his own creating, and as capable of logical analysis as a classical sonata or symphony. What use will be made of his system by future composers it is difficult to say. The general feature of *leit-motive* has been more or less adopted by many writers of the present day, and not without success; but one cannot entertain without a certain dread the idea of fresh music-dramas being written on the Wagner lines by composers less gifted than he. And, for all we can see at present, it will prove as difficult to find a worthy successor to Wagner in dramatic music as it has proved, during sixty years, to find a composer who could outlive Beethoven in symphonic music. When a great man passes away, there is often a sudden blank. When Mozart died, Haydn remained; and, when he departed, Beethoven carried on the work so well begun. Weber laboured to establish German opera; he had ideas of a closer union of poetry and music, of less conventionality of form, and of higher dramatic aims; but death snatched him away before he could develop and mature his plans. Wagner worked in the same direction; but, now that he is taken from us, we look, yet for the present it would seem in vain, for the tone-poet with a double portion of his spirit.

So much has been, and will be, written about Wagner that, in noticing his death, we have not thought it necessary to give a list of his musical and literary works or an account of the events of his life. As a man, he had his faults; and as an artist he was not altogether free from reproach. But in youth and manhood he sacrificed comfort, pleasure, and ease for the sake of art; he worked without ceasing, braving every difficulty, every obstacle; and the prosperity and rich harvest of fame which came to him in later life were indeed well deserved. The loss to his family and friends is a sad one, but they have the proud consolation of knowing that Richard Wagner neither lived nor laboured in vain.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

#### RECENT CONCERTS.

MANY years ago Richard Wagner conducted for one season the Philharmonic Concerts, and, until his death, was an honorary member of that society. Hence, at the first concert of the seventy-first season, given at St. James's Hall on Thursday, February 15, it was right and fitting to perform a funeral march and to introduce into the programme a piece of Wagner's. The "Dead March" in "Saul" and the "Parsifal" prelude were played; the imperfect rendering of two masterpieces was perhaps not generally noticed,

for the thoughts of many were for the time certainly turned towards the fairy city of the sea, where the great composer was lying dead. M<sup>me</sup>. Sophie Menter was the pianist, and her reading of the pianoforte part of Beethoven's choral fantasia gave a certain colour and effect to what otherwise proved a very tame performance. Her solos were an "Etude" by Liszt, and Chopin's *andante spianato* and *polonaise* (op. 22); the latter piece was played with remarkable vigour and brilliancy. The programme included a selection from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," Bennett's overture of "The Naiads," Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, and Berlioz' clever transcription for orchestra of Weber's "Invitation à la Valse." Miss Santley and Mr. Frederick King were the vocalists, and they were accompanied by the orchestra in a manner which did not redound to the credit of the conductor. At the second concert, Herr Sarasate, who has not visited England since 1879, will appear; and the "Im Walde" symphony of Raff will be given in memory of the composer, who also was an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society.

Mr. E. Prout's dramatic cantata, "Alfred," was performed at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. The work was conducted by the composer, who had his own choir—that of the Borough of Hackney Choral Association. Mr. Prout is no stranger at the Palace Concerts; two symphonies, two cantatas, an organ concerto, and other works have been performed here from time to time, and have proved him to be an industrious, conscientious, and successful composer. We noticed "Alfred" when it was produced last May at the Town Hall, Shoreditch. It contains graceful and flowing writing; and, though we do not meet with any elaborate fugues or special scientific displays, we feel that the composer makes an indirect and, therefore, effective use of his skill and knowledge. The scene in the Danish camp between the leader Guthrum and Alfred still strikes us as being the most interesting and successful portion of the work; and the excellent singing of Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Bridson last Saturday fully brought out its merits. The Choir at first (probably not being used to the building) did not sing with their accustomed tone and effect; but they soon recovered themselves, and did full justice to a work specially composed for them. The part of Alswitha was sung in an intelligent manner by Miss Annie Marriot. The cantata was well received; and, indeed, several of the numbers would have been repeated but for the stern, yet wise, decree of the Hackney Society disapproving of *encores*. The concert commenced with the "Siegfried" march, in memory of Wagner. Many of the wind instruments were out of tune, and, altogether, the performance was not a good one. It is only fair to Mr. Prout to say that the music is difficult, and that he can have only had one short and, consequently, inadequate rehearsal. The programme contained also choruses from Mozart's "King Thamos." With one or two exceptions, the singing of the Choir in this fine work was exceedingly good.

At the Popular Concert last Monday, there was a novelty—a sonata for piano and violoncello (op. 12) by F. Gernsheim. His name is a familiar one at these Concerts, where his piano trio in F has been frequently performed. The sonata is in three movements; the music is thoroughly sound and good, but such as might be written by any well-trained Kapellmeister. Miss Zimmermann made her first appearance this season, and played, with her usual skill and intelligence, Sterndale Bennett's "Lake," "Mill Stream," and "Fountain." The programme included Spohr's showy quartett in E minor and Mendelssohn's piano trio in D minor. Miss Thudichum sang with much intelligence songs by Schubert and Lassen.

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